Innocnt the 11 Pope of Rome

London Printed for J. Dunton at ye black Raven in ye Poultrey

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THE

DEVILS PATRIARCK,

OR

A Full and Impartial Account

Of the

NOTORIOUS LIFE

Of this Preſent

Pope of Rome

INNOCENT the 11th.

Wherein is *newly* Diſcovered his *Riſe and Reign*; The *Time and Manner* of his being choſen Pope; His Prime Proceſſion, Conſecration and Coronation; The *Splendour* and *Grandeur* of his Court; His moſt *Eminent* and *Gainful* Cheats, by which he Gulls the *ſilly* People; His *Secret* and *Open* Tranſactions with the Papiſts in *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*, and other Proteſtant Countreys to this *very* day; Together with the *Reſt* of the Helliſh Policies and Infamous Actions of his wicked Life.

Written by an *Eminent Pen* to Revive the Remembrance of the *almoſt* forgotten Plot againſt the Life of his Sacred Majeſty and the Proteſtant Religion.

Entered accoꝛding to Oꝛder.

LONDON, Printed for *John Dunton* at the *Black-Raven* in the *Poultrey*. 1683.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

THE

PREFACE

TO THE

READER.

Candid and Curteous Reader,

WHen *a ſuddain and ſurprizing* Invaſion *is made upon us by a* Foreign Power, *every Right-thinking Mind cannot but judg it high time to* Fire our Beacons. Æſops *Witty Wiſdom*, (*in his* Fable of the Shepherd-Boy, *that cry'd out falſly, as well as frequently*, [The Wolf comes, the Wolf comes, Help, Help.] *to the People*,) *hath in the* Apologues Moral *a very ſhrewd* Congruity, *with our preſent Caſe, though there wants not alſo ſome* Diſparity.

(1.) *The* Congruity *conſiſts in theſe particulars*,

Firſt, *Every Shepherd ſhould be careful to preſerve the Flock committed to his Charge*; *ſo ought every* Myſtical, *as well as the* Literal *Shepherd*, (*whether* πρεσβυτος *aut* Νεωτερος, *Young or Old*,) *to be*.

Secondly, *Both ought to cry out of* Probable *and* Approaching Dangers. *It was not at all Improbable, that the Wolf was a coming, becauſe he us'd frequently to do ſo.*

Thirdly, *When* Dangers *be both* Probable *and* Approaching, (*for 'tis the* Nature *of the* Beaſt *to* worry the Sheep,) *then 'tis the Duy of* Both, *not only to* Cry out, *but to* Crave Help *from the* Peoples *Hands, yea to quicken up* their *Aſſiſtance with ſtrong and Reiterated Outcrys, That the* Abaddon, (*a bad one indeed,*) *the* Apollyon, *or Devouring Beaſt, is juſt a coming.*

Fourthly, *All Hands are few enough to* Help the Lord *againſt this* Mighty, (*yea in the* Romiſh *phraſe,* Almighty,) Beaſt.

Fifthly, *All private Works muſt be left,* (*both in* City *and* Countrey,) *for ſtopping the ſtrong* Current *of a Publick and* Common *Calamity.*

Sixthly, *As the* Sheep *of* Æſops *Shepherd were Grazing,* [in eminentiori Loco] *upon Lofty Mountains, yet not* Inacceſſible *to the* Wolf: *So the Sheep, which* Goſpel-Shepherds *are feeding, and which the* Romiſh *Wolf would Worry, are likewiſe Grazing upon the Holy-Hill of* Zion, *the* higheſt of all Hills, *yet not ſo high, but, when the Sins of the Sheep do open a paſſage, becomes* Acceſſible *to the Wolf alſo. Where the Beaſt hath*

been before, Treading down the Green Pastures, and fouling the Residue with his foul Feet, *he hath some hope for returning thither again, especially, seeing the* Nest-Egg *of* Romish *Reliques is still left behind to encourage his Return*: *Bloody Bishop* Bonner *could once Briskly Brag*, Such as like to Sup our Broth, we will make them love to Eat our Beef too: *God grant us a good Deliverance from such Barbarous Butchers, and Beastly Butcheries, from that* Brutish People, Skilful to Destroy.

(2.) *As to the* Disparity,

First, *The Outcry of* Æsops *Shepherd-Boy was only,* [Joci gratia,] *a* false *Holloe for Sport-sake, a Boyish-Trick, playing the Wag with the Masters of the Sheep, to whom he was but an Hireling-Servant: But the Outcry of our Shepherds have been ever more Real and Serious, from the many Essays and Attempts, which* Rome *has really made to Reduce* (*as* Colemans *Phrase is,*) *this* Northern *Heresie to her Obedience*: She *hath all along, ever since the* Reformation of Religion *here, with all her* Fraud *and* Force, *with all* Her Craft *and* Cruelty *endeavoured to re-enter with her* Deformation *of it, and to Recover both her* Nest, *and her* Nest-Egg, *from which she was forced.*

Secondly, *Our Outcry hath not been made by ſome one* Novice, *or of many* Novices *only, but alſo of the moſt Grave, moſt Judicious, and moſt Thinking Diſcerning* Fathers *of the Sheepfold, who, with* Moſes, *could eſpye the very firſt Outgoings of Wrath, and, with* Elijah *could Obſerve a Black Cloud, though no bigger than a Mans Hand: All theſe at Sundry Times, and in Divers Manners, have* ὁμοθυμαδὸν, *as with one Mouth Sounded Loud Alarms.*

Thirdly, *Though thoſe call'd in to be Aſſiſtants againſt the Wolf, in the* Fable, [nihil eſſe comperiebant,] *found nothing of real Danger. Yet thoſe call'd together to Aſſiſt againſt the* Wolf of *Romes Incurſions, have upon undenyable grounds found out a Real Danger, Witneſs His* Majeſty *and* Privy-Councils *Reiterated* Proclamations, *the* Unanimous Votes *of* Four Succeſſive Parliaments, *(all call'd upon for their Aſſiſtants,* &c.) *The* Forms of Prayer, Compoſed *and* Impoſed *by the* Biſhops, *for the Faſt appointed by Authority, upon the Account of the* Popiſh Plot, *as alſo the Murder of* Juſtice Godfrey, *and the Juſt Execution of ſome Grand Conſpirators.*

Fourthly, *The Sheep-worrying Beaſt in the Fable, is expreſly call'd a* Wolf *only, though there be other Beaſts as obnoxious to Sheep.*

But

But this Molock *of* Rome *is ſuch a Bloudy Beaſt, as no Name could ſufficiently expreſs his Bloud-Thirſtineſs. Hercupon* (1.) Daniel *calls the* Firſt Beaſt, (*or* Aſſyrian Empire,) *a* Lyon. *The* Second, (*the* Medo-Perſian,) *a* Bear. *The* Third, (*the* Græcian,) *a* Leopard. *But the* Fourth, *to wit*, (*the* Roman Empire,) *he calls a* Beaſt *in general*, (*without any name*,) *as if* Exceeding, (*as well as* Including,) *the Savage Nature of all the Three former*, Dan. 7. 4, 5, 6, 7, 23. (2.) John *alſo*, (*as well as* Daniel,) *calls him a* Beaſt *in the general*, (without, *becauſe* above *any Name*,) *yet makes he* him *a Monſtrous Beaſt, Compounded of all the Three Beaſts aforeſaid, as having the* Feet of a Bear, *the* Mouth of a Lyon, Himſelf like a Leopard, *and* the Dragon giving him Power, *Revel.* 13. 2. *And though* Rome Heathen *hath done much againſt* Chriſts Sheep, Slaying its Thouſands, *yet* Rome Anti-Chriſtian *hath done more, and far outdone* it *in* Slaying its Ten Thouſands: *So that this* Beaſt, (*above all Names*,) *is a* Beaſt *with a Witneſs, an Hyperbolical* Behemoth, *as if many Beaſts made up One*, (*ſo the* Hebrew Plural Fæminine *ſignifies*,) *far beyond the moſt Bloud-Thirſty* Wolf, *yea the moſt Savage* Cannibal, *for Eating the Fleſh and Drinking the Bloud of* Poor Proteſtants,

even to an high Inebriation, as the Sequel will more fully Demonſtrate: Take but this Taſte here, 'Tis credibly Related, That in the ſpace of Eight Hundred Years, this Monſtrous Beaſt, *(who hath all Cruelties Concentred in him,) hath been the Death of Twelve Millions of Chriſtians.* Idæa Reform. Antichr. Tom. 1. Part 2. Sect. 2. Cap. 6. *To Inſtance only one Specimen of this* Pourtray'd Beaſt *in this place, to wit,* Pope Julius the Second, *(who was turn'd up Trump, and Triumph'd in the Chair of Peſtilence, in the Fifteenth Century) that made a ſhift to Worry (in Seven Years ſpace of his Papacy) no fewer than Seven Hundred Thouſand* Sheep. See Baleus de Actis Rom. pontif. lib. 7. *'Tis one of* Luthers *Divine Raptures, that* Cain *(the Firſt-Born of the Devils Patriarks) ſhall be Murdering his Brother* Abel *to the end of the World: and the Older he groweth, the more Blood-Thirſty he becometh: This* Romiſh Runnet *(as is commonly ſaid of the* Common *in Dairy Houſes) the Older it is, it grows ſo much the* Stronger. *If the* Beaſt *were ſo Bloody in that Century aforementioned, how much more may he be expected in this* preſent Pope. *Seeing* [Morſus moribundæ Beſtiæ ſunt maximè mortiferi,] *The laſt Bitings of a Dying Beaſt are moſtly moſt Deadly: and whether this be yet paſt,* Sub Judice

lis

lis eſt, *'tis a matter of Controverſie, and if not, I would ask my* Countrymen Proteſtants, *Is this a Beaſt fit to be* Courted into England? *which is indeed the Bloudy* Scarlet-Colour'd Whore, *that better deſerveth to be* Carted out of it, *and out of the World alſo.*

Fifthly, *It doth not appear, that the* Wolf *in the* Fable *was ever reſtrained from any Attempts by thoſe frequent outcries for Aſſiſtance, ſeeing the Report of his approaching was falſe until the laſt. But this* Beaſt of Rome *hath had many ſignal and ſingular reſtraints by* King *and* Parliament, *&c. But above all, by an Inviſible and an Over-ruling Hand; ſo that ſhe hath been conſtrained to alter her Methods, and to take new Meaſures, Foiſting her dead Brats into the Boſom of* Innocent Proteſtants, *which though it need not the Wiſdom of a* Solomon *to Diſcover, yet requireth it the Power of a* Parliament *more fully to Determine, in a way of Vindicative Juſtice.*

Sixtly *and* Laſtly, *I wiſh with all my Soul, that there may be found more* Diſparity *than* Congruity *in the* Cataſtrophe *and Cloſure of the* Fable, *as Relating to our preſent* Caſe; *The* Apologue *indeed concludeth thus, that whereas the* Husbandmen *had been oft abuſed by the falſe Alarms of the Boy, leaving their Ploughs ſtanding Idle in the Field to deliver the Sheep*

when there was no Danger, then the Wolf *coming in good earneſt, the* Boy *cries out, but was not believed by them, whom he had ſo oft deceived, hereupon the* Wolf *prevails againſt the* Boy, *Worries the Sheep without reſiſtance, Gluts himſelf with their Fleſh and Bloud, and eſcapes away ſcotfree, without ſo much as a blow for that unparalleld miſchief: The* Moral *of this laſt part is, as* Solomon, *with his wonderful Wiſdom, helps us to Interpret it, ſaying*, Woe be to that Land, *that hath* [πάντων λαῶν, ovium Paſtorem] no wiſer than a Child, *Eccl.* 10.16. *Alas, He is not able, (though never ſo willing) to Deliver his Flock*, &c. Solomon *ſaith alſo, But* in multitude of Councellors there is ſafety, *Prov.* 11.14. *This* Shepherds Boy *had ſo much Wit in him, as to call in more helping Hands to his own, though he did oft cry ſo* Childiſhly, *and at laſt (through his own fooliſh fraud)* fruitleſly *without ſucceſs. We have had many loud Alarms Trumpeted out, crying,* [The Romiſh Wolf is coming, Help, Help,] *and though none of the many have been falſe outcries, as before, yet would to God the* Helping Husbandmen *may not (through ſo many Diſappointments) grow weary of Appearing, ſo let the* Devouring Beaſt *have his Bloud-Thirſty Luſt ſatiated upon the* Proteſtant-Sheep, *and all this without any reſiſtance and oppoſition. But though this*

Apologue

Apologue *of* Æſops *be thus ſignificantly ſuitable in its* Moral, *yet have we a* Divine Parable *(to Wit, that of* Jothams, *Judg.* 9.) *that infinitely Tranſcends it in its ſignal and ſingular Signature as to our preſent Calamitous Condition. Bloudy* Abimeleck (a baſe Baſtard) *Uſurps the Kingdom, which by ſubtle practiſing upon his* Kinſfolk *and the* Men of Shechem *be* craftily compaſſed, *and (by the help of his vile Vagrants and Villanous Followers, Hired with the Treaſure of* Baal-Berith) *as* cruelly conſtituted *the Foundation of it, in Murdering (like a bloudy Tyrant) Seventy Innocent, and all Legitimate Competitors to make his way to the Throne,* Good Jotham *onely eſcaping,* He *takes the boldneſs (notwithſtanding his Perſonal Danger) to make* his mind (*yea and* Gods *too*) *known to the* Men of Shechem *from the* top of Mount Gerizim (*that* Bleſſing, *not* Mount Ebal *that* Curſing Mountain) *Before he took to his Heels, and fled from the Tyrant. As this Sacred* Apologue *of* Jotham's, *(who, though but a young Man, was* vir bonus, dicendi peritus, *a good Man, and a* good Orator, *one that* could declare his Mind fitly, *and* durſt do it Freely, *being* [θεοφορος] *Inſpired of Gods Spirit) doth therefore far (I ſay) Tranſcend the aforeſaid Fable of* Æſop, *ſo it* more highly *merits a larger Deſcant upon it, were I not bound up to the Narrow*

Limits

Limits of a Short and yet Succinct Preface. *Hereupon, all that I am Allowed to Add, is, to let the Ingenious Reader know, that the Hebrew Doctors do Understand by the Fig-Tree in the Parable, Renowned* Deborah *their* Deliveress, *as by the* Olive-tree Othniel, *or* Ehud, *and by the* Fruitful Vine, Gideon *with his Numerous Off-spring; what is meant by the* Bramble *needs not much Explication, it being not a* Tree, *but a* Shrub (*the Product of* Gods Curse upon the Earth, *Gen.* 3. 17, 18.) Prickly, Barren, Base, Abject, *good for nothing, but to* Stop Gaps, *or* Kindle a Fire: Abimeleck *was a* Right Bramble *indeed, who grew in the base Hedg-Row of a Contemptible Concubine, who horribly scratch'd and drew Bloud to purpose, when once he had* (*by the help of* Baal-Beriths *Treasure*) *scrambl'd up to a Dominion over* Israel, *whereunto he was Handed by his hired Beggerly Rascals, and Debauched Desperado's: The* [illegible] *or* Moral *Hereof* (*as to us*) *is obvious to every common Understanding, and neither the* Explication, *nor the* Application *is any matter of Difficulty: I shall therefore conclude my Præliminary part with this pathetical* Epiphonema, *as a* Golden Key *to open the* Mystery *of* Iniquity: *Oh* England, England, *Thou hast had thy Delivering* Deborah (Queen Elizabeth) *who saved thee in Gods Hand from*

the

the Curſed Canaanites, *that delt cruelly with thee in the* Marian Days, *Thou haſt alſo had thy* Othniels, Ehuds *who did ſtab the* Red Letter Cauſe *with their very* Pens (*as* King James) *excellently and unanſwerably Accompliſhed, though* he *was but* left handed *for the Sword, having for his* Motto [Rex pacificus] *which one wittely Engliſhed* [put up thy Dagger Jamy] *And ſome Abuſive wits limn'd his Picture with a Padlock upon his Sword, yet his* Learned Writing *did ſo effectually vindicate his undoubted Right againſt* Pope Paul the Fifth, *that there was no need of* Martial Warring (Cedant Arma Togæ, *&c.*) *There was no occaſion for* Mars, *where* Minerva *was his* Bellona, *which made his* Un-Holineſs *Decline the Encounter*: Thou *haſt likewiſe had thy* Gideon *with a fruitful Offspring, ſtout Aſſertors of the Reformed Religion, ſhouldſt thou? now forſake the* Fatneſs, *the* Fatneſs, *and the* Fruitfulneſs *of thy Truly Noble* Figtree, Olive *and* Vine (*which indeed hath* cheered God and Man) *and at laſt embrace a* Baſe Bramble, *that* exotick, dry, empty, Saples Kex *and* Weed *of a* Forraign Power, *to wit, that of the* Man of Sin, *the* Son of Perdition *and the* wicked one, *which is the threefold Black-Brand, wherewith* Antichriſt *is Stigmatized by the* Holy Ghoſt. *How far this threefold Character agreeth with*

the

the Pope; *See the* Man of Sin, *lib.* 1, *chap.* 4. Foulis Hiſtory *of* Romiſh Treaſons *and* Uſurpations *per totum, and* Neſſes Diſcovery *of* Antichriſt, *pag.* 55. *to* 63. &c. *what their own Authours Report of* them *may be beſt believed: That this* Babyloniſh Brat *is a* Baſtard *like the* Bramble Abimeleck, *and and not* Legitimate, *or Heaven-born, their own very Creatures are conſtrained to Confeſs.*

As Firſt, Platina, *who was the* Pope's *own Secretary, and Keeper of the* Vatican-Library, *yea a Writer by Commiſſion from* Pope Sixtus *the* Fourth.

Secondly, Benno Uſpergenſis, *one of* Romes *own Cardinals.*

Thirdly, *And* Math. Pariſienſis *a* Benedictin Monk *of the Monaſtary of St.* Albans *here in* England, *All theſe three* (*none of them writing out of Prejudice, ſo they would have bewray'd their own Neſt, but Impartially and in Truth*) *doe Unanimouſly Deſcribe the* Popes *to be Limbs of the Devil*; *the laſt of which Relates, How* [Diabolus, & Inferorum Contubernium, *&c.*] *that the* Devil *and All his Helliſh Crew Wrote Gratulatory Letters to the* Pope *and his* Clergy, for ſending more Souls to Hell, than ever went before, *Math. Paris Hiſt. Angl. Guil. Conqueſt. Anno.* 1072. *pag.* 10. *Yea none of them can deny, but that ſome of the* Popes *ſold themſelves*

to

to the Deuil for their obtaining of the Popedom by his Craft. Therefore the Men of Shechem *or* England *need no* Jotham *to Proclaim to them, (ſeeing the very* Romaniſts *themſelves ſay enough) that* if in Truth ye Anoint this Pope to have Dominion over you, *and Return again to* put your Truſt in his Shadow, *ye will be not onely Notoriouſly diſapointed in your* Shelter *under ſuch a* Shadow (*for the* Bramble-Buſh *cannot yeild any good Shade; the ſilly Sheep flying to it for ſhelter, are ſure to loſe part of their* Fleece, *if not of their Fleſh too) But alſo a Fire will flow fiercely forth from this* Baſe Bramble *to Devour you, and your talleſt Cedars: This one* Terræ-filius *or* Baſtard *will deſtroy all your true-born Sons: He that hath but half an eye, may both* ſee *and* foreſee *the Matchleſs miſcheifs that muſt be its Conſequences, which they that are ſo Hot for a* Popiſh Succeſſour (*while they yet profeſs themſelves to be good* Proteſtants) *doe not Duly and Truly Conſider. But I muſt not detain you too loug in the* Porch, *for fear of your catching cold. Having Diſpatched the* Prologue, *conſiſting of a Double* Apologue, (*which may be further Illuſtrated and Applyed in the* Epilogue) *Let me now hand you to the Houſe it ſelf, wherein you may take a plain Proſpect of this* preſent Pope *limn'd to the life in his Right Red Vermilion Colours.*

T. O.

The Notorious

LIFE

Of this present

POPE of ROME,

[INNOCENT, XI.]

THis present *Pope* of *Rome* was *Cardinal Odeschalchi* of *Come* in the *Dutchy* of *Millaine*, when called to the *Roman-Chair*, whether we wrong him in reckoning him among the Base Brambles of the Curſed Earth, is the [τὸ ζητούμενον] *Poſtulatum*, or *Grand Enquiry*. In the General let *Dr. Prideaux* give the Anſwer for me, who Writes a *Compendious Hiſtory* of the Lives of all the *Popes*, and after he hath paſt the *Patriarchs*, (and the tollerable Popes) *He* begins at *Anno Dom.* 606. with *Uſurping Nimrods*, (a worſe Name than *Brambles*) and Reckons *Thirty Eighth Popes* (*Cruel Hunters all*,) from that Year, to 847.

The

The *First* of which Black Bed-Roll, was *Boniface* the *Third*, and *Leo* the *Fourth* was the Laſt.

His next Rank were (as he Stiles them) *Rank Luxurious Sodomites*, whereof *He* Reckons *Forty*, from the Year 855. to 996. the *Firſt* of them was *Pope John* the *Eighth* (in plain *Engliſh*, *Pope Joan*, the *Rank Whore*, which God would have, to Declare to all the World, That the Church of *Rome* is the *Apocalyptick* Whore,) and the Laſt of that Number was *Gregory* the *Fifth*.

His *Third* ſort of *Popes*, from the Year 999. to 1240. that He preſents to our View, are another Bundle of *Forty Popes* again, whom He Dignifies with that Honourable Title of *Ægyptian Magicians*; the Firſt of this Black Regiment was *Sylveſter* the *Second*, and the Laſt was *Cæleſtine* the *Fourth*.

His *Fourth Proſpect* of Popes *He* giveth, is another lovely Cluſter of Sower Grapes, conſiſting of *Eight* and *Thirty Popes*, from the Year 1243. to 1503. The Captain whereof is *Innocent* the *Fourth*, and the Lieutenant (that brings up the Rear) is *Pius* the *Third*, All which he Brandeth for a Company of *Devouring Abaddons*, All *Bad-ones* beyond Bounds.

Yet

Yet ſtill there be *worſe* behind, [*Occupat extremum Scabies,*] which as ſome do *Engliſh*, not only the *Scab*, but the *Devil* cometh hindermoſt. 'Tis the Divine Doom inflicted upon the *Church of Rome*, as an Apoſtate, to be *waxing worſe* and *worſe*, therefore it may the leſs be wondred at, that the *laſt Claſſis of Popes*, (which are the very *Dregs* of Time,) muſt be the worſt, and thereupon are worthily Stigmatiz'd with the worſt Appellation. The Words of the Reverend Author aforeſaid, Run thus, [after the *Devouring Abaddons,*] To fill up the *Myſtery* and *Meaſure* of *Iniquity*, the *Incurable Babylonians* do next ſtep upon the Stage, [*Curavimus Babylona, & non eſt Sanata*, Jerem. 51. 6.] *We would have Cured* Babylon, *but ſhe could not be Cured*, for the reſt of the Men that were not Killed by thoſe Plagues, Repented not of their (1.) *Murthers*, (2.) *Sorceries*, (3.) *Fornications*, (4.) *Thefts*, Revel. 9. 20, 21. This *laſt* and *worſt* Rank reaches from the Year 1503. to this preſent 1683. betwixt which Two Periods the Number of Popes are *Twenty-Five*, (the *feweſt Number* of all the Five Claſſes, yet have the *Foulеſt*, both *Name* and *Nature*.) whereof *Julius* the *Second* leads the Van, and this preſent *Pope*, (the ſubject of our Diſcourſe,) brings up the Rear.

I would have given ſome ſhort Remarks upon theſe ſeveral Claſſes, (thus dignified and diſtinguiſhed with thoſe Five aforeſaid Honourable Titles,) and upon the ſeveral Popes, as they ſtand in Rank and File, under their ſeveral Banners in every Claſſis, had it not been beſide my preſent purpoſe, and would it not have ſwoln this Diſcourſe too much. *I* ſhall therefore ſatisfie my ſelf, and the Reader with *Two Remarks* only.

The *Firſt Remark* is, That the Leader of the Van in the Second Rank, is a *Virago* rather than a *Virgo*, a Pope of the *Feminine Gender*, that Taught Gramarians to Decline *Papa* with *Hæc* not *Hic*: The name of this *Female Pope*, (*John* or *Joan*) both in a Literal and Myſtical Senſe, ſheweth that *Rome* may well be called the *Whore of Babylon*, *Romiſh* Chronologers have not Inſerted her Name in the Catalogue of Popes, which *Marianus Scotus* Renders this Reaſon for, [*Propter Turpitudinem Rei, & Sexum Muliebrem,*] becauſe the wrong *Gender* would be a Reproach to them. Wherefore to avoid the like Diſgrace, the *Porphiry Chair*, (or Groping-ſtool) was Ordained, *Ubi ab Ultimo Diacono*, &c. Where the loweſt Deacon muſt make the Experiment, *&c.* Hence it is, That theſe Popes who have

have called themselves [*Johns*] are so ill ordered in their common Catalogues, some making that *John* which Succeeded [*Adrian* the Second] in the Year 872. to be *John* the *Eighth*, and others *John* the *Ninth*: Ingenious *Platina* forequoted, doth only (of all the *Romanists*) Reckon *Pope Joan* as the Eighth of the *Johns*, and so forward: And 'tis probable enough (saith Dr. *Heylin*, a Man Fair and Favourable enough) that God suffer'd that Proud See of *Rome* to fall into such a profound Reproach, the more to cut the Coxcombs of the Succeeding *Popes* in their Highest Ruff and Riotings, and the better to beat down their Big Brags of a continued Succession, whereof they are frequently Boasting. As [*Remember* Lots *Wife*] is a due Caution to us, so I see not why [*Remember Pope* Joan] should not be likewise a true Check to them: The Truth of this Story, as to matter of Fact, Mr. *Alexander Cook* (my quondam Predecessour) in his Book of *Pope Joan* hath proved it by Irrefragable Arguments, and hath most Industriously batter'd down all the Objections which the most Mercurial Wits of *Rome* could raise against it. See his Book, and Dr. *Heylins Cosmography* in Folio the last Edition, pag. 107. *&c.* The *Bastard Abimelech* aforementioned did Desperately grudg,

that it ſhould be ſaid [*a Woman had Braind him*] Judg. 9. 54. Sure I am, *this baſe born Brat of* Rome (the *Head* of the Church) hath Received (were *He* ſenſible) a *Deadly Wound* by the hands of a Woman likewiſe, with this difference only, the *former* was *Active*, and Deſigning, the *latter* was *Paſſive*, and never purpoſed the Wounding : 'Tis ſuch a Reproach to the *Roman* Chair as will never be wiped off; this is the *Semiramis*, the *Amazoman Queen*, the *She-Captain*, that ſtands in the Front of the *Second* Rank, to wit, of the *Luxurious Sodomits*.

The *Second Remark* is, concerning *Julio* the *Second*, who ſtands as a *ſtout Generaliſſimo* of the laſt Rank, to wit, of *Incurable Babylonians*, and *He* is moſt fitly placed in that Station, as having far more of the *Souldier*, than of the *Prelate* in Him, keeping *Italy*, all his Popedom, in continual Wars, and for a pregnant proof, that this *Romiſh God*, was a *Man of Mettal*, This is the *Pope*, who paſſing over *Tyber-Bridg*, firſt Brandiſh'd his Sword, and then threw his Keys into the River, ſaying, If *Peters Keys* would not ſerve his Turn, then *Pauls* Sword ſhould do it Home.

Such a Thraſonick Bravado would better become *Julius Cæſar* the *Emperour* of *Rome*, than *Julius Secundus* the *Biſhop* of *Rome*.

Rome. But I have been thinking, that 'tis a Thouſand pities, Famous *Pope Joan* had not her Lot in this Laſt Rank too, yea, and (were it not to Dethrone and Diſpoſſes this *Heroick Hector*) *She* might have ſtood in the Captains place there, as *She* doth in the Second Rank, [*Detur digniori*] is the Rule, She beſt deſerving it: for where could that *Whore* of *Babylon* (as above) be better placed? than among the *Incurable Babylonians*, and where could that *Incurable Whore* have been better order'd? than in the Front of that *File* of *Defiled* and *Defileing Beaſts*.

However, this *preſent Pope*, Cardinal *Odeſchalcho*, (who hath chang'd his Name into *Innocent* the *Eleventh*,) is Repreſented to our View as ſtanding upon the Tail and Fag-end of thoſe *Incurable Babylonians*: We uſe to ſay, Such a perſon as Labors under a Mortal Incurable Diſeaſe, hath a [*Miſerere Mei Deus,*] writ upon his Door: who it is, that Writes the *Continuation of* Dr. *Prideaux's Introduction*, I know not, yet he Writes an *Epitome* of this our Cardinal *Odeſchalcho's* publick *Actions* and *Tranſactions*, ſince his coming to be Groped in the *Porphyry Chair*: and we are much obliged to that *Author* (who ever he is) for fixing this *preſent Pope* under the Head of *Incurable*

Babylonians, but I know not (in all the World) how to Reconcile the *White Character* that *Author* giveth *him*, and the *Black Title* he ſetteth *over him*. The Deſcription of his Life there, ſeems to carry no Congruity with an *Incurable Babylonian*. 'Tis great pity, that any miſtaking Candour ſhould make ſuch a Diſparity: but to let that paſs, come we now to give a more full and Impartial Account of his *Riſe* and *Beginning*, &c. So far as Hiſtorians lends any light *hereunto*.

I find that *this Perſon* (ſo ſoon as any Fame found *him*) had his firſt noticed Capacity at *Come*, a place of note in the *Dukedom of Milain* in *Italy*, a *Town*, made the more Famous by being the Birth-place of the two *Famous Plinys*, and ſituated on the *South*-ſide of the *Lacus Larius*, which from this *Town* hath now the name of *Lago di Come*, through this Lake the River *Addua* runs; yet (as *Geographers* ſay) their two Waters do not mingle: Which two Remarks hath occaſion'd in Me *two Wiſhes* in this *mans* behalf. The firſt is, that as *Pliny* became the more Famous for ſtopping *Trajan* the Emperour from perſecuting the poor Chriſtians in the Empire, by writing elegantly to Him, that He found no greater fault laid to the charge of the perſecuted,

ſecuted, ſave this, that they did (*Cantus Ante-lucanos canere*) *ſing Pſalms before day*; upon which Letter the perſecution ceaſed: So would to God this *preſent Pope* might write ſuch an effectual Letter to the *French King* in the behalf of the poor perſecuted Proteſtants in *France*, (ſure I am, he can find no worſe faults in them) ſo ſtop the perſecution there, this would make him more *Famous*, than ever the Recovery of his *Regality* (he hath been ſo long contending for) can Render Him: whereas, to be outvy'd by a blind Heathen (ſuch was *Pliny*) in ſuch a good Work of *Piety* and *Charity* (which are Works highly cryed up at *Rome*) may Render Him for ever *Infamous*. Eſpecially if *He* be found to puſh it on and promote it, inſtead of putting a ſtop to it. The *ſecond Wiſh* is, Oh that this pretended Vicar of Chriſt may learn ſome Divine Leſſon, even from the very *Nature* of his own Country-River, which will not *mingle* its *pure Streams* with the puddle water of a *corrupted ſtanding Lake*: not to play the Huxter in Sophiſticating, and Adulterating the truth of the Goſpel, by mingling it with corrupt Traditions. There is certainly moſt *Evangelical Doctrine* in that Levitical Law, *thou ſhalt not let thy Cattle Gender with a diverſe Kind, thou ſhalt not Sow thy*

Field with a mingled Seed, neither ſhall a Garment mingled of Linnen and Wollen come upon thee] Levit. 19. 19. to ſhew, that *Miſcelanees* in Religious Worſhip are both *hateful* to *God*, and *hurtful* to *Men*: and not onely the nature of *His River*, but alſo naturaliſts do teach Him not to mingle the *Inventions of Men*, with the *Inſtitutions of God*, for they ſay, that though *Gold* be ſo Ductile, as to be willing to mix and incorporate it ſelf with *other Mettals*, ſave onely with *Latten*, notwithſtanding, as to its outward Luſtre, it be ſo like it ſelf: ſo the true Church (which is call'd a *golden Candleſtick*) will not mix or embody her ſelf with the falſe (commonly called the *Latin*) Church, which ſtagnateth like a ſtinking Lake, though ſhe reſembleth the *Spouſe*, and *ſits in the Temple of God*, 2 Theſ. 2. 4. but indeed is the *Apocalyptick Whore*, and the moſt Capital Enemy to the Flock of Chriſt, in all the laſt Ages: This *preſent Pope*, while he was in his *publick Capacity* (omitting his *private*, as not worth Recording) at this Town of *Come*, went under the name of *Benedict Odeſchalci*, of the Title of *Saint Onuphrius* and was created a *Cardinal* under *Pope Innocent* the 10th. *March* the 6th. in the year 1645. Upon which take theſe *Remarks*.

Firſt,

Firſt, 'Tis not eaſie to Aſſign the Reaſon why his proper *prænomen* (that of *Benedict*) ſhould become ſo diſguſtful to *Him* as to change it into *Innocent* (the Name of his Predeceſſours in the Chair) ſeeing it was (as it ſignifies) a *bleſſed* Name, and alſo the Name of ſome *Popes* before him, but more of that change of Names afterwards, when we come to his *Popedom*.

Secondly, There may a more probable conjecture be given for the change of his *Sir-Name*, to wit, *Odeſchalcho*, more eſpecially when it is Allowable to give an *Italick* Name an *Attick Etymology*, and ſo [*nomen quaſi notamen*] *that Name* hath an evil ſound, ſent, and ſenſe, ſignifying (not a *Golden*) but a *Brazen Song*. That which ſents and ſavours of *Braſs* (we uſually ſay) is unpleaſant to the Palate, and 'tis the more likely this Name might be diſguſtful to his Palate, ſeeing his Predeceſſour *Sergius the Second*, even quarelled with his own Name, which (before he was *Pope*) was [*Bocca di Porco*] ſignifying *Swine-Mouth*, or *Hog-Face*, and thinking that ill-ſounding Name not ſuitable to his Dignity, he therefore changed it. And upon ſuch an Honourable Preſident, if *Hog-Face* was ſo odious a Name to the former, why might not alſo *Braſs-Face* or *Brazen-Face* (as a *Face of Braſs* is an appro-

approbrious Phraſe amongſt us) be odious to this latter.

Thirdly, As to the Title of Saint *Onuphrius* he was dignified with at *Come*, I ſhall onely ſay at this time (though much more might be added) what Tradition tells us of this *Onuphrius*, that he was a monkiſh Man, who lived a ſolitary Life for ſixty years, in which ſpace he ſaw no Man: had our *Odeſchalcho* Imitated this monkiſh *Patroon*, and trode in this *Pattern's* Steps, he had never become a *Cardinal*, much leſs a *Pope*, unto which *converſing* with Men, and *conveying Kindneſſes* to them (to oblige their Votes at Election) are neceſſary Ingredients, and which he to the utmoſt improved.

Fourthly, As to his being made a *Cardinal* while at *Come*: this is one of the higheſt pitches and pinacles of Pride (the very next to the *loftyeſt Spire* of the *Pope* himſelf) that the Romiſh Clergy Aſpire to, for the *Cardinals* are the *Popes Senatours* or Privy Councellors, and are called *Cardinals*, which is derived from *Cardo*, the *Hinge* of a Door, becauſe upon them (as the Door hangs upon the Hinge, and turns which way we will, either for opening or ſhutting) all the important Affairs of the Roman Church hang and are turned which way they pleaſe: thus the word [*Cardinal*] is uſually uſed thus,

thus, that whereupon any thing most turneth and dependeth, as to *East*, *West*, *North*, and *South*, are call'd *Cardinal Points of the Compass*. Thus also those *four principal Vertues*, [*Prudence*, *Justice*, *Fortitude*, and *Temperance*] are call'd the *Cardinal Vertues*. And thus the Word is *generally* taken to denote something that is *Chief* and *Principle*: So these *Cardinals* are: But the Hinge, upon which these *Cardinals* did themselves at the first Hang, was very Low, and their Original Extract very Contemptible: For this great Office did creep into the *Roman* Church thus, *Pope Marcellus* in the *Third Century* divided the City of *Rome* into 25 *Parishes* (some Authors call them *Dioceses*) over each of which He appointed a *Presbyter*, whose work was Assigned to Baptize Heathens Converted, and to Bury the Dead within their several *Precincts*: These were afterward called *Cardinals*, or *Principal Priests*, or *Deacons*, because they had [*Curam Animarum*] the Cure of Souls committed to them, and had others (in Sacred Orders also) under them: There be Three sorts of *Holy Orders*, so called, to distinguish them from their Four other Orders, (*Door-Keeper*, *Readers*, *Exorcists*, *Acolythes*, or *Taper-bearers*,) These are, First, The *Sub-Deacons*, (whose Office is the Groping

ing Work, *&c.*) Secondly, The *Deacon* (who, with the *former*, hath the Honour only to kiſs the Biſhops Hand at the Ordination,) See *Roſſes View*, &c. *pag.* 451. The Third, Is the *Prieſt*, whom the *Biſhop* Kiſſeth to ſhew his *Parity* in Reſpect of Order, *Idem Ibidem.* Theſe ſame 25 *Prieſts* of ſo many Pariſhes in the City, being always ſo nigh the *Pope*, the more that *he* grew up gradually into his Grandeur, the higher did *he* draw up theſe *Prieſts* (his Appurtenances) their poſture all along keeping pace with the *Popes* Pomp, *Adeò ut quod in principio Oneri fuit, Tandem Aliquandò Honori eſſe Cæpit.* So, that which at firſt was but a *Poor* and *Burdenſom* Office, became at length an Employ of Dignity and Honour: Thus Dr. *Heylin* Teſtifieth, That *Pope Paſchal* the *Firſt* cauſed the *Prieſts* of the ſeveral Pariſhes in *Rome*, by reaſon of *their* nearneſs to his Perſon, their preſence at his Election, to be Honoured with a more Venerable Title, that is, to be called Cardinals, *See Coſmogr. pag.* 107. at the Top. Thus from a company of pitiful *Pariſh Prieſts*, they account themſelves not only Check-Mates to Princes, but alſo Compeers with Kings themſelves; but indeed they ought to be eſteemed the principal Limbs of the *Beaſt Antichriſt*; yea, they are ſo far Incorporated

rated with the *Pope* himſelf, that they muſt not (forſooth) ſo much as be let Bloud without his ſpecial Licenſe; 'tis (no doubt) for fear leaſt the Head ſhould be ſo concern'd in theſe his Special Members, as to Die with them by Sympathy: The Number of them at their firſt *Roman Conſtitution* (for want of a *Divine Inſtitution*) were, as is aforeſaid, *Twenty Five*, which Dr. *Potter* worthily Obſerves to be the exact Root Number of Six Hunndred Sixty Six, the *Number of the Beaſt*; but now they are Multiplied like a Numerous Spawn, into much more than Double the Number; that depends wholy and ſolely at the *Popes* pleaſure, who can Blow them out of his Mouth as many as he pleaſeth; he can Breath out a *Cardinal* with as much eaſe, as he Breaths out the Holy Ghoſt; yea, for Doing ſome Notable Jobb in Hand, he can Breath out, or rather Spit out of his Palat or Pallace, a matter of Sixteen Cardinals at one Spit, as this preſent *Pope* hath lately done; Oh what an Improving Leap & Advance hath *he* now made, whereas while he was but a *Cardinal*, he is then but a *Created Creature* of the *Pope*, but now that he is become a God Almighty the Pope, he can be a Creator of his Creatures: *Monſtrum Horrendum*, &c. Prodigious were his Priviledges,

vileedges, (which not *Christ*, but *Antichrist*, bestowed upon him while a *Cardinal*,

As First, When ever he Rode abroad to take Fresh Air, His (Sir) Reverence was so Glorified (yet not so much as *Christ* was at his Transfiguration) with his Right Reverend *Red Hat*, and *Rich Robes*; that the Splendor of *Both* these Dazel'd all Spectators Eyes, yea, the very Blast of his Body but passing by, Blew off all their Hats, and Bore so hard upon them, as to Blow them over, and made them fall down to Worship Him, and to ask of Him his Patriarchal Blessing, which He rarely bestowed with that Ingenuity, as He in the Story did, who in so doing, said, [*Si Populus Vult Decipi, Decipiatur.*] Light cheap Words make Fools fain. No doubt but His Shadow, (as he is now Pope, and *Peters Successor*) can cure as many Diseases, as that of *Peters* did. *Pope Innocent* the *Fourth*, Graced the *Cardinals* with a *Red* (Fools *Cap*, or) *Hat*, by his Ordinance in the Twelfth *Century*; and in the Fourteenth, *Pope Pius* the Second Advanced their Splendor yet Higher, with most Stately Scarlet Gowns, (Dr. *Heylins Cosmogr. pag.* 108. *at the bottom.*) Thus were they Attired in such Antick, Gawdy and Pedantick Dresses, as neither *Christ* nor his *Apostles* ever Strutted about in, which must

muſt Declare to all the World, that this is the *Antichriſt*, and none need ſay of *Him*, as *John Baptiſt* ſaid often to Chriſt, [*Art thou He that ſhould come, or may we look for another?*] No, this is the *Red Letter-Man*, in his *Red Hat* and *Scarlet Gown*. This is the *Bloudy* and *Scarlet Coloured Beaſt*.

The Second eminent priviledge this *Cardinal* was dignified with by his Creator the *Pope*, is, that whatever condemned Malefactor (juſt going to the place of Execution) could but be ſo happy as to meet this Man in his Ponticalibus in the way of his Progreſs, *He* was immediatly to be Acquitted, and his Life ſpared, that He might evermore Admire and Adore this his *Romiſh Saviour*. 'Tis pitty his clemency is not more exercised out of deſign in this Life-Saving Work: Oh what a choice Act of Mercy might He ſometimes do here in but *croſſing* the way at a right Juncture, betwixt *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, when his Pontifical Preſence is bleſt with ſuch an excellent Vertue as both to *ſatisfie* the Nations Law, (which is mortally broken) and *Save* alſo the Life and Soul of the condemned.

A Third *Immunity* He had alſo in that *Cardinal Capacity*, was, that no *Cardinal* can be Condemned for the moſt Capital Crime, except He can firſt be Convicted by

the

the Teſtimony of Seventy Two Witneſſes. By this means, a *Cardinal* may ſafely venture to be the greateſt *Villain* in the World, not onely becauſe the Canon-Law ſaith [*Eccleſia ſit libera*] let Church-Men be free from ſecular Cenſures, but alſo (though the aforeſaid may fail) if they do but obſerve their own Jeſuitical Rule [*ſi non caſtè, tamen cautè*] He may without hazard perpetrate *Whoredom*, *Treaſon*, the worſt of wickedneſs, ſo he do it with caution, and he deſerves to be hang'd ſeventy two times over, that will act his Villany in the preſence of ſeventy two perſons, that may all come in as joynt Witneſſes againſt Him: The Law of the true and onely wiſe God (*ſuppoſing* the Teſtimony of *two or three Witneſſes* ſufficient) is but comparatively an Inſipid Sentence; but the Law of their Lord God the Pope is far more profound, ſaying, two or three and twenty are not enough of Witneſſes, even againſt the *Inferiour Clergy*. There muſt (ſay they) be twenty ſeven againſt a *Deacon*, ſixty four againſta Prieſt, and ſeventy two againſt a *Biſhop-Cardinal*. *Dianæ compendium*, pag. 85. No wonder if the Romiſh Clergy be the greateſt Rogues, and vileſt Villains in the World: No wonder if they carry ſo deep, and ſo Epidemick a Tinc-

a Tincture as the only and unparallel'd Tools to be employed by *Belzebub*; for *Murdering of Kings, Blowing up of Parliaments*, managing not only Privat and Perſonal Aſſaſinations, but alſo Publick and National Maſſacres, to Aſtoniſhment; to ſay nothing of Burning down Cities and Market-Towns, and many more Matchleſs Miſchiefs, whereof how far this *their Holy Father* (both while *Cardinal*, and when *Pope*) in Conjunction with his *Unholy Sons* have been guilty, the Sequel will Demoniſtrate; and that *Ex abundanti*.

A Fourth *Priviledg* (or rather a Prerogative) this *Cardinal* had, while ſo, was, That whoſoever would dare to Offend or Injure (in any kind) his *Worſhip* or *Cardinalſhip*, though the *Offence* were only an opprobrious Word, and though the *Offender* were ſo *Lofty* as a *King* or an *Emperor* (who apprehend themſelves above the comprehenſions of the Law) yet the Popiſh *Canon-Law* Runs thus ſeverely againſt them, [*Læſæ Majeſtatis Rei Sunt, cujus cunq; ſint Ordinis, Imò Imperator ipſe*, &c. *Et in pœnas Bullæ Cœnæ Incurrent.*] Such Offenders againſt a *Cardinal* (yea though it be the *Emperor* himſelf) ſhall be Judged *Guilty of High-Treaſon*, and ſhall Incur the Pains and Penalties of *Excommunication, Depoſition*,

poſition, &c. Was not this a *Lofty Beaſt* then? *Exalting himſelf above all that is called God*, or *Magiſtrates*, even of the very higheſt Form, 2 *Theſ.* 4. 4. He might, while in *that Capacity* only, challenge the Stouteſt King or Emperor, to affront his Cardinalſhip, while he ſtood thus ſtrongly Guarded by his Canon-Law, to Batter them down with its Horrible and Terrible Canon-Bullets; nay, That *Canon-Law* did not only thus ſecure his Perſon, but it alſo extends to protect his very Houſe, and all his Hang-bys, or Menial Servants, to all his Creatures and Favourites in his Preſence; even all theſe his Appertinances are troubled with that Diſeaſe called [*Noli me Tangere*] They muſt not (forſooth) be *touched*, though never ſo Criminal, 'tis an Affront of the higheſt Nature, even *High-Treaſon* it ſelf, and therefore (with my conſent) ſhould any of his *Clerks* be afflicted with the *Kings-Evil* (as they are overrun with the *Popes-Evil*) a Caveat ſhall be Entred to Debar them of the *Royal-Touch*, leaſt by a Male-Improvement thereof, they turn their *Canon*-Mouth againſt the King: How, neither the *Cardinal*, nor any of his *Attendants* (every one bearing for his Motto, the ſame with the Baſe Thiſtle, [*Nemo me Impunè laceſſit*,] none can touch me without

without Pricking their own Fingers) ſtand Fortified with the *Grand* Diabolo's, or Great Canons of that Canon-Law. See *Dianæ Compendium, pag.* 93.

The Fifth Prerogative this *Cardinal* had, above all Kings and Emperors, is, That whereas *They, Poor Low Shrubs* (in compariſon of ſuch a *Tall Cedar* as a *Cardinal* is) muſt humble themſelves to the very Feet of the Pope, muſt Honour the very Shadow of his Shoe-ſtrings, or rather Adore the Sparkling Diamonds, wherewith the Buckles of his Pantofle is moſt Richly Enambled, and the Higheſt Honour that thoſe *Kings* and *Emperours* muſt have vouchſafed to them, (a Glorious Vouchſafement and Low Condeſcention in his *Unholineſs* indeed) is only to Kiſs the Stinking Toe of his Gowty Gulls: but when this *Cardinal* came to pay his Viſits, and do his Homage, unto his Mighty God *Pope Clement* the *Tenth*, (his immediate Predeceſſor) he had the Honour (without any proſtrating poſture, ſave only a *ſlight Congee*) to Kiſs his Holineſſes Hands, with a Mental Reſervation too, (Right *Romaniſt* like) wiſhing him well in his Grave, that he might (upon ſuch an Irreſiſtible Reſignation) yeild up his Pontifical Chair to him: Nay, the *Royal Complement* of *Kiſſing the Popes Hand* only,

was not all the Honour he had from him, but he is allowed to *Kiss* the *Popes Mouth* too. *Lorinus* the Jesuit, in *Act.* 6. doth acknowledg this *Ceremony* (as to matter of Fact) to be the *Cardinals Prerogative* above *Kings* and *Emperours*: If the Kissing of the Bishop by the Priest at his Ordination, do declare a Parity, as above: So this likewise must be an Indication, that a *Cardinal* is a *Popes* Fellow, yet Advanced above Kings and Emperours, (contemptible Titles and Offices to his) by this mutual Embracement. The *Hebrew* Rabbins do Read these words, [*Gnal Pi Jehovah*] *Deut.* 34. 5. which we Translate [*According to the Word of the Lord*] in this Sense, That *Moses Died at the Mouth of Jehovah*, (which indeed the *Hebrew* Words do Genuinely and Gramatically signifie,) as if God had taken away *Moses* his Soul out of his Body with a Kiss in a most friendly manner: could this Lord God the *Pope* (*Clement* the *Tenth*) have done so to *Cardinal Odeschalcho*, when he Kiss'd him, it had been no better than *Osculum Iscarioticum*. rather a Treacherous, than an Amicable Kiss, in spoiling his Market, of designing to become his Successor upon the Papal Throne, and then had the World wanted him for Pope *Innocent* the *Eleventh*, though both the Place and the Title

Title might have been ſupplied by ſome other Perſon: Had this happen'd ſo, *That Pope* might have cry'd Quits for his wiſhing (*in* his Mental Reſervation afore mentioned) the Pontifical Chair before the Time: what loſs this might have been to the *Roman* Church, I know not, but this I know upon more Infalliblo proofs than his own Infallibility, that had he *Died at the Mouth of his Lord God the* Pope, when that Complemental Kiſs paſs'd betwixt him and his Predeceſſor, he had undoubtedly paſs'd off the Stage with leſs Guilt, the *Horrid Popiſh Plot*, the Murder of Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey*, and a Thouſand more *Diabolical Intriegues* ſince that, will lay with weight upon ſome Bodies Conſcience ſooner or later. *Veniet, Veniet, qui malè Judicata Rejudicabit Dies:* There is a Day coming, which ſhall Judg Righteouſly all Matters over again, (though at preſent they be Huſh'd up in Judgment) and *this may* be done even in this World.

I add to all the former the Sixth Privileg, For ſo many muſt be the Number, that it may the better Symbolize, and carry a Correſpondency with the Number of the Beaſts Name, which conſiſts of Three Sixes, [666.] and therefore ſeveral *Popes* bore the Number of *Sixtus*, and had I been

of the Conclave (an Honour I am no way Ambitious of) I would have adviſed the Cabal, that this *Pope Elect* ſhould have taken upon him no other Name, ſave that former Name of *Sixtus*, and I would have preſs'd this Cogent Argument, That ſeeing there had been before, *Sixtus* the Firſt, the Second, the Third, the Fourth, and the Fifth, now One that will be Stiled *Sixtus* the Sixth, not only makes the *Odd* Number *Even*, but alſo the very Name will carry along with it a moſt Grateful Sound and Symphony: This only would have been the miſchief thereof, that it might have Bordered a little too near the *Number of the Name* of the Apocalyptick Beaſt, for this Name would have conſiſted of *Two Sixes*, (*Sixtus* the Sixth) but that Name conſiſts of *Three*: notwithſtanding this little difference (in an *Unit*) it might have Sounded ſome Alarm to the World: This ſo much neceſſary *Sixth* Priviledg which this Cardinal *Odeſchalcho* had, was, That his Cardinalſhip did Conſtitute him an *Eccleſiaſtick Prince*, whereby he became a fit Mate and Side-Fellow (ſtanding upon equal and even Ground) with the moſt Potent Secular Prince in *Europe*, and therefore to Comport with this Princely Greatneſs, the Canon Law allows him a proportionable

tionable Grandeur, Sumptuous Furniture, and all manner of Pompous Splendor for Supporting the Honour of that Dignity, for to be one of the College of Cardinals is the Penultimate Promotion in the *Roman* Church, it being the very Higheſt and Uppermoſt Step, from which one or other of theſe Crafty Climbers, Lands at laſt into *Peters Chair*. And ſeeing *Wealth* is an Indiſpenſible Perquiſite, as it is commonly call'd the *Sinews of War*, ſo 'tis no leſs the *Nurſe to Honour*, yea, oft times more than *Vertue*, upon this account, Their Canon Law allows them moſt Rich Revenues, moſt Rapacious Offices and Employs, wherein (as if they had got the *Philoſophers Stone*) they turn all they touch into Gold and Guineys: The *Italian* Author of the *Juſt weight of the Scarlet Gown*, gives a Candid and Ingenuous Account, (keeping the Scales *even*) of thoſe *Crafty Intrigues*, and many Subtle Tricks, that thoſe Arch-Politicians do put in Practice to Enrich themſelves, to fill their Coffers by Sale of Offices that are Vacant, by Penſions from the Court of *Foreign Princes*, (both *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*) who all ſtrive, not only to Counterballance one another, but alſo, by a pretty *Greaſo-Fiſto*, with Yellow Ointment to Tilt the Ballance, and ſo ſome-

times Advance their own Faction uppermoſt, through the prevailing Intereſt of thoſe their cloſely obliged Creatures the *Cardinals*, who have ſuch a mighty Influence upon all Debates and Reſolves in that Pragmatick and Superintendent Court, which *Lords* it, and *Laws* it, (or at leaſt would willingly do ſo) not only over *Gods Herritage* the Church, but alſo over the whole Habitable World.

The *Scarlet Gown* Author, in his *Epiſt. Dedic.* ſpeaks of the ſeveral Applications that are made to this Conſiſtory of Cardinals, from all Popiſh *Princes* and States, eſpecially from the Two Mighty Kings of *France* and *Spain*, by their Ambaſſadors, who ever lay *Ledger* at that Court, and who always Addreſs themſelves to the moſt Politick and Powerful of theſe Cardinals, ſtriving to Outvie each other in their proffer of Fat Penſions to them, giving them the beſt Spiritual Dignities and Promotions their Two Kingdoms can afford them, (which in either of them are plentiful enough) provided always, they will be engaged thereby to Eſpouſe (as much as ever they may) the Intereſts of their Benefactors Crown, to which they are thus obliged. Herein theſe Court-Penſioners do Try the Trick of a Treacherous *Judas*, (who

(who with his [*Quid Dabitis?*] *What will ye give me?* and *I will betray my Innocent Maſter*, &c.) rather than play the part of Faithful *Peter*, (whoſe Succeſſors, though unlike him, ſave only in Denying his Lord, they would be reputed) in Defending his Innocent Maſter from thoſe that Aſſaulted him: for notwithſtanding never ſo ſtrong Engagements and Aſſurances; Oh what a ſlippery Hold either or both thoſe great Princes have of theſe their *Cardinal* Engines, who frequently (and upon very ſlight occaſions) are found to warp into the contrary Faction, which Verifies the Vulgar Proverb, *'Tis Hard to make a Faſt Bargain with a Looſe Chapman:* They however, in playing thus at *Faſt* and *Looſe* can notably ſerve their own Ends, and like Bad Lawyers can take a Bribe upon both Sides, when they are Courted by both the Kings. Eſpecially thoſe Cardinals that ſit neareſt the Papal Chair, and are in the faireſt Capacity to Climb next into it, as was the Happy Caſe of this our Cardinal, and therefore muſt be Highly Courted by Foreign Agents in the Name of their Maſters; The Height of whoſe Ambition it was to oblige him. Thus we ſee this *Benedetto Odeſchalcho* had fair opportunities for gaining Wealth enough to maintain his Grandeur;

Grandeur, the Canon-Law doth Command theſe Cardinals, that, beſides their Living upon the Churches Revenues, to catch what they can for themſelves, (may we Add, *Per Fas & Nefas*, *Vel Vi*, *Vel Clam*, *Vel Precario*, either by Hook or Crook, to wit, the Croſier Staff,) upon the Account of Aggrandizing the *Roman* Clergy, which Poverty would render Contemptible, *Dianæ Compendium*, pag. 88.

How far this Cardinal comply'd (as who of that Catholick Faith would not) with that Canon-command, we ſhall have an Account By and By: But before we can come to that, Here are Two miſchievous Stumbling-ſtones lays in our Way like a Couple of Blockado's, which who ever were able to Roll away out of our Way, would do us a very great Kindneſs; when ſet faſt.

The *Firſt* is this, Suppoſe this Cardinal had been a *Monk*, 'tis not to ſuppoſe what ought not to be ſuppoſed; for ſome *Benedicts* (as his Fore-Name and ſome Popes Name were) had been *Benedictine* Monks, and at their entrance into their Monaſteries had ſolemnly vowed *perpetual Poverty*; how could this Monkiſh Man with a good Conſcience Relinquiſh his *vowed Poverty*? Gather Riches ſo faſt that he got the *Devil and all*, (as will appear afterwards) became an

Eccleſi-

Eccleſiaſtick Prince, Ride his Progreſs in all Prince-like Equipage, never proud *Haman* more Highly Honoured, and never any Triumphant *Cæſar* or Conquerour better Arrayed than He in his Richeſt Robes for Splendour and Glory: Let any Man come forth and tell me the Conſiſtency of theſe two Contraries, *& erit mihi magnus Apollo.* He that can rightly Reconcile them, ſhall be my Oracle.

Tuſh (ſaith the Romiſh Caſuiſts, one of the New *Quacks* the *Jeſuits*) I can with a wet Finger make theſe two Contraries Jump friendly into one, *two odds* make *even* (as Two odd Threes make even Six, *ſtill he will harp upon the Number Six*, as above) and why may not *two at odds* meet in *even* alſo. This is the Learned Gloſs of the Popiſh Caſuiſts upon this Caſe of Conſcience in the *General*, but more particularly (he ſaith) this *Vow of Poverty* was taken with a mental Reſervation, that he reſolved to be poor, no longer, than while he could not poſſibly be Rich, and ſo the word [*Perpetual*] in the Vow muſt be *vox æquivoca*, and to be taken with equivocation, *&c.*

Such Dirt-Dawbers (that *Dawb with untemper'd Morter*) are the Jeſuitical Caſuiſts, yea, many *Monks* can play the pranks of a *Monkey* (there is not much difference betwixt

twixt their Names) who can ſlip his Collar on *for his Maſters Pleaſure*, and with as much eaſe, can ſlip it off again *for his own*, The *Monk* can play at faſt and looſe with his *ſtrict Vow* as well as the *Monkey* with his *ſtrait-Collar*. But above all Caſuiſts that ſpeak home to this Caſe, hear what an Infallible Pope (*papa in Cathedrâ non poteſt errare*) and that *Innocent* the 10th, (one of the laſt before this) ſpeaketh; He ſurely, cannot ſpeak but like a moſt profound Oracle: I have heard ſome Judicious Clients ſay, when I want Councel, I will go to the *Head*, and not to the *Tail*, meaning, to the profoundeſt Councellors at Law, and not to the mean, pitiful, underling Lawyers: let us do ſo here, omitting all other ſcribling puny Caſuiſts in *Popiſh Schools*, and hear what this great Oracle ſaith out of *Peters unerring Chair*: This *Pope Innocent* the Tenth, when he was but Cardinal *Pamphilio*, made a promiſe in the Conclave to Marry his onely Nephew into the Family of the *Barberinos* (one of the three grand pontifical Factions, *Paulino* and *Pamphilian* being the other two, in that Sacred Colledge or Conſiſtory) the ſame Promiſe he privatly made to his Nephew alſo; howbeit, he ſoon chang'd his mind (being then not in the Papal Chair and ſo, nor Infallible) and promoted

moted Him to a Scarlet Gown (inſtead of a Wife) which was far better, and which (he thought) would beſt prevent divers Emergent Differencies that were likely to ariſe by Marrying one of the *Pamphilian* Family to a Wife of the *Barberinos*, a contrary Faction, which yet had been wheadled into a Beleif of this great Match for their She-Cozen, becauſe it was ſo ſolemnly and publickly promiſed by the Cardinal (the Unkle of the Gentleman, or in plainer Terms, the Father of the Baſtard) in their Sacred Colledge of Cardinals, where there was a dead weight of Living Witneſſes thereof. Notwithſtanding this *Promiſe*, a Sacred thing in it ſelf, made in a Sacred place, and before ſo many ſacred Perſons (according to Popiſh Sentiments) he made a ſhift to *cozen* both *them* and their *She-Cozen*: whereupon, not long after His Aſſumption into the Papal Chair (no doubt but his Nephew in his new Scarlet Gown, gave his Uncle an heaty lift thither) Cardinal *Antonio Barberinos*, having ſtill the grumbling of his Gizzard for the late cheating affront, makes his Addreſs to his New-Created and Now-Crowned *Holineſs* (expecting nothing but what was Holy Redreſſes ſuitable to his new Title, to ſweeten unto all his new Crown and Dignity) He therefore

brake

brake out into thoſe words to this new Pope *Innocent* the 10*th.* (into which he had changed his Name *Pamphylio*) ſaying, *Moſt Bleſſed Father, your Tranſactions about your Nephew (in Marrying him to a Scarlet Gown, and not to our Cozen) doth not well correſpond with your promiſes made to us in the Conclave, when you was but Cardinal:* Hereupon his new *Un-Holineſs* (with a great deal of Gravity, as became his Place) as Un-Holily Anſwered, thus ſaying, *Tell me my Lord, who was He, that made ſuch promiſes to you? Was it not Cardinal Pamphilio?* Yes, ſaith *Antonio*, upon which the Pope turns ſhort upon him, and bids him go challeng his Promiſe of *Pamphilio*, for he was not the Man of that Name now, His Name was *Innocent* the *Tenth*, and not that Man you Imagine me to be: At this, *Antonio* Raged, and like a new *Mongi Bello*, Fire ſtarted out of his Eyes, and like Old *Orlando*, ſtamps with his Feet upon the Ground, when he heard the Infallible Chair ſpeak more Fallibly and Fallaciouſly, than ever the Devil did at his Delphos-Oracle: In this Tranſport his Voice alſo Vomited out ſome ſevere Invectives againſt his Lord God the Pope, and in an High Diſguſt, Uncivilly turns his Tail upon his Blaſphemed, as well as Blaſpheming Idol, Excommunicates himſelf from

from the *Sacred Conſiſtory*, and from the Metrapolitan City of *Rome* (the very place of his own Nativity) flies into *France* to be Protected by the *French* King, at whoſe Devotion he had all along been in the Faction, leaving all his Riches (he had Vaſtly ſcraped together) and Revenues behind him: See the Subſtance of this whole Story in the Author of the *Juſt Weight of the Scarlet Gown*, his own *Preface* to his Book; who tells us likewiſe, *pag.* 68. That this *Don Antonio Barberino* (who thus Diſ-reſented this profound, more than *Jeſuitical*, the Diabolical Salvo of his Holy Father) was none of the Beſt, who kept for his Miſs or Whore, *La Checa Bufona*, upon whom he waſted moſt Vaſt Sums of Money, *&c. pag.* 69.

Mark here, This Papal *Diſtinction* without a Difference (to wit, it was not *Innocent* the Pope, but *Pamphilio* the Cardinal, that made the Promiſe, and therefore not at all obliging, *&c.*) is the Beſt Bramble-Buſh, that the Infallible Chair it ſelf can find out, wherewith to ſtop the Gap in a *Romiſh* Conſcience; and if this will ſerve as a ſufficient Salvo for the Supreme Pope himſelf, much more for his Underling, a *Cardinal*; and ſo our *Odeſchalcho* is brought off with flying Colours; It was not *Odeſ-*

chalcho

chalcho the *Cardinal* that *Vowed perpetual Poverty*, it was only *Odeſchalcho* the *Monk* that did ſo, I am not He that made that Vow, 'tis not obliging to me, as a *Cardinal*, but leaſt of all, as now I am *Pope*.

Such ſlippery Tricks of the *Monkey*, we find the *Jeſuits* can play, as well as the *Monks*; for *Caſimer* the *Jeſuit* could (by his Fervent Prayers to his Founder *Ignatius Loyola*) obtain an effectual Diſpenſation for his Acquitment from his *Holy Orders* to Embrace a Crown, the Jewels whereof had a Sovereign Vertue to Salve all Wounds of Conſcience, and to give him a *Quietus Eſt*: Hereupon he became the *King* of *Poland*: but while I think of it, Take this pleaſant Story, I have ſometimes Read with complacency, 'tis this, The Biſhop of *Triers* (I think, but am ſure it was one of thoſe Biſhops that are the *Electoral Princes* of the *Emperour* of *Germany*) was found fault with for ſome Notorious Extravagances in his Publick Miniſtrations, by a very *Grave Senator*, Who told him, Such Groſs Actings were a Scandal to his Lawn Sleeves and Mitre; all the Apology that Proud *Prelate* could make for himſelf, was this, He Anſwered, That he did not thoſe things as he was a *Biſhop*, but as he was a *Prince*: But the *Senator* Replies in a cutting Reprimend, ſaying,

ſaying, *If the Devil get the Prince for ſuch Crimes, I pray you, what will become of the Biſhop.* This Non-plus did not admit of a Rejoinder; and is there not *par Ratio* in both theſe Caſes of Conſcience aforementioned, If the Devil get *Pamphilio* the Cardinal for breaking his Promiſe, (contrary to *Pſal.* 15.) what will become of *Innocent* the *Pope*; it may be, he hath got them *Both* together at one Mouthful (being but one Individual Man) already, ſeeing Pope *Innocent* the *Tenth*, who was before, *Cardinal Pamphilio*, is now Trip'd off the Stage, and out *Odeſchalcho* is got into the Chair in his Room: So likewiſe, If the Devil get the *Monk* for breaking his *Vow of perpetual Poverty*, what will become of the *Rich Cardinal*, ſure I am, Though the Devil hath not already made one Mouthful of them both, yet, the *Pope* (the Devils Eldeſt Son) hath done it, for both *Odeſchalcho* the *Monk* (as ſome ſay) and *Odeſchalcho* the *Cardinal* are at once Swallowed up by this preſent Pope, *Innocent* the *Eleventh*.

The Upſhot of the whole in a word is this, I Refer to the Judicious Reader, whether this *Grave Senator*, or the Jeſuits (*Azorius*, *Navar*, &c.) yea the *Infallible* Chair it ſelf, be the better *Caſuiſt*; and whether *Don Antonio Barberino*, the *Crook-Back*

Nephew to Pope *Urban* the *Eighth*, were not a *Straighter* Man of the Two, that Abhord thoſe wicked Evaſions of Pope *Innocent* the *Tenth*, as above.

But having well wearied both my *Self* and my *Reader*, with lifting at this great *Stone* that lay in our Way, and yet cannot get it Removed out of the Way half ſo well as was *Amaſa*'s Srab'd Body, that ſtop'd the *March* of the Army, 2 *Sam.* 20. 12. 'Tis high time to leave it, and to try our Strength in a Lift or Two at the *Second*, which in like manner obſtructs our paſſage, in giving a particular Character of this *preſent Pope*.

The *Second Objection* is, Whether theſe pretended Governors of the Church, the Popiſh *Prelates* and *Cardinals*, abounding in all manner of *Pride*, *Pomp* and *Luxury*, can by any ſober Mind be Deemed the *Rightful* Succeſſors of *Chriſt* and his *Apoſtles*, who all did ſo oft Recommend *Self-Denyal* and *Humility*, &c.

To this, in ſhort, I ſhall Anſwer, with a Story that I have Read many Years ago, and which I have lately met with in the *Hiſtory of Cardinals*, pag. 46. The Author of *Nipotiſmo di Roma*, (wherein he ſhews how Sedulous every Pope is to promote his Nephews or Baſtards) Relates the *Matter of Fact*

Fact thus, being both an *Eye* and an *Ear*-Witneſs thereof in Perſon himſelf, ſaying, I Remember a certain Sermon I heard in a Covent in *Rome*, and in the preſence of Two *Cardinals*, (it may be our *Odeſchalcho* was one of them) and Cardinal *Sacchetti* was the other; The Preacher was a *Bare Footed Franciſcan*, who ſeem'd a poor pitiful Creature to look upon, yet geting into the Pulpit (on the firſt *Sunday* in *Lent*) in a very great Auditory, after an *Ave-Maria*, and Two or Three Cringes (as is uſual) with his Knee, riſing up again upon his Feet, and pulling his Cappuce or Cowle upon his Head, down almoſt over his Eyes, he pauſed a while (in this poſture) without ſpeaking a word, and fixing his Eyes ſtedfaſtly upon the *Cardinals* that ſtood before him, without Naming any Text at all, he breaks out abruptly into theſe words, [St. *Peter was a Fool*, St. *Paul was a Fool*, all the *Apoſtles were Fools*, all *the Holy Martyrs*, all the *Primitive Saints of the Church of Jeſus Chriſt our Redeemer, were Fools.*]

The *Cardinals* were ſtrangely Stun'd with theſe words, and ſtood as Inſenſible as Two Statues, the People alſo, and I among the reſt, Admiring this unuſual Freak, were content enough to Attend the Attendency of it: The *Fryar*, after ſome ſmall ſilence

(which he purposely did, to observe the Resentments of his Auditory) began his Discourse as followeth, [*You that are Prelates, do not you believe, you shall be Saved?* I know your Answer, *Yes*, Father *Fryar*, *we do. And you People, you are certain of Paradise?* without Doubt, you will say, *Yes* too. *Yes*, saith the *Fryar*, What, will Turning Night into Day, by Feasting, Sporting and Luxury? Will Frequenting Play-Houses, Whore-Houses, and a Living in all manner of Debauchery, bring *you* [*People*] to Heaven?

As for *you* [*Prelates*,] Will your Wearing *Purple* and *Scarlet*, Will your Glittering in Gold and Silver, Will your Riding abroad, and Carreeceing about in Gawdy Coaches, and when you come out of them, Will the having your Silken Trains carry'd after you in the Street, bring you to Heaven? Will your Spoiling the Walls of the *Church*, to Adorn the Walls of your *Chambers*, and will your Subtracting from *Christ*, to bestow upon the World, bring you thithither? Would you Oh *Romanists*, be Saved in this manner? Is this the *way to Salvation? which* we are told is not a *Broad* but a *Narrow Way*.

Then certainly all the *Apostles*, and all the *Saints of the Primitive Church* might have

have been Saved in the ſame Way, as well as you; and then as certainly they were all *Mad Men* and *Fools*, to *Wander up and down in Sheep Skins*, and *Goat Skins*, being *Deſtitute*, and *Afflicted*, to Undergo the *Hard Tryals of Cruel Mockings and Scourgings*, yea, *moreover of Bonds and Impriſonments*, yet higher, they were *Mad Men* and *Fools* to *be Stoned*, to be *Sawn Aſunder*, to be *Slain with the Sword*, and to be *Tortured* and *Tormented*, not *Accepting Deliverance*, &c. *Heb.* 11. 35, 36, 37, 38. If *your Way* be the Way to Heaven.

But the miſtake is on your part, Oh *Romaniſts*, They were all *prudent* and *pious Men*, 'Tis *You* that are the *Madmen* and *Fools*, and not *They*. 'Tis *You* that propoſe a new way of Salvation to your Selves, which will beſt comport with your own Vanity and Villany, even ſuch a way, as is not onely contrary to the Holy Goſpel, but to the very light of *Right Reaſon* alſo.

This ſingle ſtory is ſufficient of it ſelf, to Demonſtrate what kind of Succeſſours theſe *Cardinals* (and amongſt the reſt our *Odeſchalcho*) are to the *Apoſtles*, The *pattern* and the *portraiture* do correſpond like *Harp* and *Harrow*, which made the *Italian Painter* Draw the Pictures of *Peter* and *Paul*, with a very deep Tincture of a Red Vermilion

Colour in both their Complexions, and when ſome *Cardinals* blamed him for putting an Abuſe upon their holy Predeceſſours (to Limn them more like *Good Fellows*, who had been taking a Cup of *Nims*, a little too much of the comforting Creature) He Smartly yet Modeſtly Anſwered, No, Gentlemen, you miſtake my Genuine meaning, for there you may behold thoſe two *Holy Apoſtles* no other than *Bluſhing* at *you* their ſuch *Unholy Succeſſours*.

I ſhall conclude this Paragraph with that ſtrange Prayer of a *Proteſtant Divine* upon his Reading a *Gazet*, who there found, how in the Vacancy of the *Roman* See, ſome Cardinals were conſulting, that the next Pope when Created, ſhould be bound to diſcard his *Nephews*, thoſe *Suckers of the Churches Treaſure*. He Zealouſly Ejaculated this ſhor, but pithy, Petition, ſaying, [*God Almighty Remove theſe good Thoughts out of the Minds of theſe Cardinals*, for *the Scandal of their Church, are the Edification of ours*, and Diſturbances amongſt them, gives a Sweet Repoſe to us: *Hiſtory of Cardinals*, pag. 132.

Suitable to that before, is this, that which followeth after. Another *Divine* Diſcourſing with Cardinal *Odeſchalcho*'s Chaplain, and asking him what he was, he Anſwered, *I*

am

am a Prieſt, and pray you, ſaith the Miniſter, what is your Maſter whom you Serve, Oh Sir (quoth he) 'tis my *Lord Cardinal*: Go to then, ſaid the Enquirer, pray what is your Work? Oh *Sir* (ſaith he) *I Say Service* in my Lords Chappel; *Say Service*, (ſaith the other) then you are not ſo good as an *Horſe* or an *Aſſe*, for both theſe dumb Creatures *doe Service*, and *doing Service* is better than *Saying Service*: but the Diſcourſe ended not here, the *Opponent*, a little too Pragmatical, muſt ask ſome more Queſtions, being too much Queſtion-ſick, further, ſaying, I pray you *Sir*, who gave to you the Name of *Prieſt*, and to your Maſter the Name of *Lord Cardinal*, ſeeing *St. Paul* Names no ſuch Offices among the Officers of the True Church? *Epheſ.* 4. 11. The *Reſpondent* Replys, Oh Sir, Our *Holy Mother the Church* gave to me the Name of *Prieſt*, and to my Maſter the Name of *Cardinal*. Upon this, the *Queſtioniſt* makes this brisk Repartee, ſaying, [God Almighty Bleſs me with my *Fathers* Name, for all that Bear only their *Mothers* Name, (as you ſay, *You* and your *Lord* do) be no better than *Baſtards*, or if you will have it in a cleaner Dreſs, that is to ſay, the *Popes Nephews*: But enough of this *Facetious Diſcourſe*.

Now 'tis High time to take a more particular View of our *Odeſchalcho*, whom we have Characteriz'd but little as a *Cardinal* hitherto, ſeeing our main Deſign is, to give him a more Ample Character as *Pope*, where the *Myſtery of Iniquity* muſt be more fully opened in a large Field of Diſcourſe.

As *John* the *Divine* gives a Graphical Deſcription of the Picture of his *Double Beaſt in general*; how *He* gradually Roſe, both out of the *Earth*, and out of the *Sea*, *Revel.* 13. 1, 11. So my preſent Task is to Limn to the Life the very Perſon of this preſent *Scarlet Colour'd Beaſt*, the *Pope* in particular, ſhewing, *Firſt*, How he roſe up Step by Step to the *Pontifical Chair*, into which this our Cardinal *Odeſchalcho* was Uſher'd with abundance of Pompous and Solemn *Ceremonies*: 'Tis indeed an uſual Saying, That *Ceremonies* are but *Indifferent things*; yet this is a moſt certain and Tryed Truth, (to the great Detriment of many, much Damnified hereby) that though *Ceremonies* be in truth but things *Indifferent* to *Salvation*, yet Experience (the beſt School-Miſtreſs) Teacheth, they are things *Neceſſary* to *Preferment*. None can Climb up (not *Jacob's*, but) *Antichriſt's* Ladder, ſave ſuch as have the *Cheveril* Conſcience of a *Latitu-*

a *Latitudinarian*, who can stretch out and Gape wide as the Greedy-gut once did, (in his Eating a Fish Dinner) who swallowed down Bones and all, till he had like to have been Choaked: We must suppose our *Odescbalcho* had a Throat wide enough, he was not at all so *Scrupulous* as the *precise* Ones among us, but could Gulp down any *Romish Ceremony* (though never so Corrupt and Unscriptural) provided it might but give him an Hearty Lift into the *Seat of Infallibility*: 'Tis as much beyond Questioning, as the most Received *Maxim* in Philosophy, That such as are most *Defective* in their *Morals*, are most Zealous to supply it with *abundance* of *Ceremonials*: How far this our *Odescbalcho* was *Deficient* in *Morality*, let the Author of the *Scarlet Gown* (his own Countrey-man, the *Italian*) be heard to speak, His Relation Runs thus, *Benedetto Odescbalcho* was a very *Rich Prelate*, who a long time Courted *Don Barberino* for preferring him to be *Clerk* of the *Chamber*, which place he was Ambitious of, (that he might be the better Acquainted with all the Grand Intrigues of the Consistory) and which the *Don* had promised him upon his paying down upon the Nail a Round Sum of Money for it: But finding that his Purchase proved nothing, save only

only a company of Court Complements, and that this *Crooked-back Don Antonio* dealt but *Crookedly* with him, in making the Fool fain with Fair Words without Deeds, he (being weary'd with a little ſprinkling of Court Holy Water only,) began to think of the Proverb too late, *That a Fool and his Money is ſoon parted*: He hereupon Reſolves to take new Meaſures, and to try whether (againſt, and to Confute all *Gramer* Rules,) the *Feminine Gender* might not prove more Worthy than the *Maſculine*, and whether the *Gray-Mare* might not prove the better *Horſe*; ſo makes he his Application to that Famous Strumpet, that Imperious *Jezabel*, Siſter in Law, *&c.* to Pope *Innocent* the *Tenth*, *Don Olympia*, wherein 'tis Remarkable, that he deals in both with the *Dons*, and with the Greateſt *Dons* too, the one an Ambitious, and (as to the Court Faction in *Rome*) a very *Potent Cardinal*; but the other (when he ſhifts his Sails unto, and makes his Second ſhift) was no leſs than an Omnipotent Creatreſs; for ſhe could Create what *Cardinals* and what *Popes* ſhe pleaſed, with her Irreſiſtible Charms: No wonder then, if, when at a loſs, he falls upon this new Expedient, and Turns *Don Antonio* into *Don Olympia*, yea Turns from the former to the latter, as being better

furniſhed

furniſhed with Conveniences for him: he now thought it nothing ſo Commodious to *Court a Lord*, as to *Court a Lady*, eſpecially One ſo Accompliſhed both with an Almighty Power, and with a Bewitching Beauty.

Et ſi qua latent, Meliora putat, Ovid.

Was not this a Brisk Madam, and well worth a Prelate, yea a Cardinals Courting: The Subſtance of this Account, (though here dreſs'd up in other Language) may be ſeen in the *Scarlet Gown* Author, *pag.* 21. who ſays further, That this *Benedetto* Preſented this Lady with Rich Love-Tokens, wherewith at length he *Got into Her*——Favor: But above all (ſaith the ſaid *Italian*) with One Amourous Bribe more than Ordinary, and moſt to be Remarked; which matter (as that Author Relates it) was manag'd after this manner, Our *Odeſchalcho*, going one Day (as he did often) to pay his Reſpects to this his Lady *Don Olympia*, about the Coronation of her Brother in Law *Pope Innocent* the *Tenth*, a Goldſmith came at that very time, and ſhewed *Her* a very fair Cupboard of Rich and Modiſh Plate to Sell, and perhaps prompting the Lady to Buy it, as conducing

ducing much to the Grace and Honour of that Great Days Solemnity: *Olympia* Vieweth it thorough and thorough in the presence of this *Odeschalcho* (Her Paramour) and other Lords, and no doubt had more than a Months Mind to it, but how to compass it without her own Cost and Coin, was her present Project, in order to this, She first highly commends every Vessel by it self, both Mettal, Workmanship and Lustre, and then all in the whole, saying, It was a goodly and curious Cupboard of the New Fashion'd Plate, but she was a *Poor Widow* (she should have said, a *Rich Harlot*) so pretending she was not able to Purchase it; lastly, upon this she withdraws immediately to her Chamber, leaving the By-stander *Odeschalcho* (who admired all for her sake) to make out some better proof (than yet he had done in all his former Gifts) of his Cordial Affections to Her. This *Prelate*, being but (as the same Author calls him) a *Man of mean* Understanding, was the more easily Insnared with the wily Wit of a Woman, which, at a pinch, doth usually exceed that of a Man (who Requires more Deliberation) even of such as have deeper Reaches and Capacities than our shallow *Odeschalcho*: Hereupon, under this suddain Surprize, he calls

calls the Goldsmith to him, Asks the Price of the Plate, 'twas below his Honour in his Amorous Expectations to bid him lower than was Asked, he paid down Eight Thousand Crowns for it, and without more Adoe, sent it in to the Lady, as a Present from Him, to her in her Chamber, that this *Gift* (as *Soloman* saith) might make Room for himself thither also: *Don Olympia* was so Transported (both with the Success of her Craft, and with the Possession of so much Plate, all costing her Nothing, save only Casting a Figure about a Credulous Fool,) that Immediately she went to the Pope where she was *Domina, Fac totum*, and whether she had free Access Night and Day, (See *Scarlet Gown*, pag. 81. *at the bottom.*) Begs of him for *Odeschalcho*, not only the *Clerkship* in the Chamber, but soon after a *Scarlet Gown* also. How far this *She-Don* Help'd him with her Hand (if not in Person, yet by Proxy) into *Peters* Chair, I know not, 'tis enough to know here that *Odeschalcho*'s Familiar Converse with this *Famous* Woman, but Infamous Whore, gives Ground enough to believe, that *He* was *Defective in Morals*, and therefore was under a Necessity to *Seek* that out *with Ceremonials*: No wonder then, if such a Man of *Immorality* should become (as it were) a very

very Compound of *Ceremony*: His *Election* to the Chair *consisted of Ceremony*; his *Coronation* in the Chair *consisted of Ceremony*; but above all, his whole Worship and Devotion in the matters of Religion *consisteth of Ceremony*; only a Word or Two as a By-blow upon this last, it being beside the Scope of our present Design. This present Popes Worship is drawn forth in such an *Antick* and *Pedantick* Dress, so far from the Simplicity of the Gospel, that no thinking Mind can look upon *Popery* to be any better than *Foppery*, sure I am, the *Romish* Church is far past her *Meridian*, seeing she can scarce be now seen for the length of her own Shadow, the *Shadows of her Evening* are stretched out, in turning *Doctrine* into *Sophistry*, and *Discipline* into *Ceremony*, and though the *Hedg of her Ceremonies* may favourably *protect Carrion-Crows*, yet is it *pricking and Vexatious enough to harmless Doves.*

But to Wave that in this place, and come to that Compound of Ceremonies, manag'd by a *Master of Ceremonies*, at the *Election* of this present *Pope*: No sooner was his Predecessor, *Pope Clement* the *Tenth* Dead, (for though the Keys of *Heaven*, *Hell* and *Purgatory*, hang at the Popes Girdle, yet there's the Mischief, the Key of the *Grave*

was

was by ſome Miſhap or other drop'd from it, otherwiſe the Pope had been equally as *Immortal* as *Infallible*,) but the Congregation of Cardinals (having Nine Mornings after *his* Death Sung Dirges for the Repoſe of his Soul, and preparing themſelves with Holy Water, Incenſe, *&c.*) did all Repair to the Conclave, and with them Two Maſters of Ceremonies, and the Secratary of the College, *&c.* were all cloſe ſhut up together, in order to Elect a New Pope: Then Proceſſions came Thick and Threefold from all Churches and Monaſteries, Singing, [*Veni Creator*, &c. Come Holy Ghoſt, *&c.*] Round about the Conſiſtory, Imploring the Inſpirations of the Spirit to come upon the Cardinals: The firſt Step or Ceremony, was, The Three chief Cardinals of the ſeveral Orders, with the Cardinal-Chamberlain, took an Exact Survey of all the parts of the Conclave to ſee that all be cloſe, and ſhut up on all ſides, as if they would ſhut out the Holy Ghoſt from coming among them; for upon the Death of Pope *Clement* the *Fourth*, when the Conclave could not agree (being divided and Rent in pieces by the Feuds and Factions of the *French* and *Spaniſh* Intereſt) about the Election of a Succeſſor, one of the Cardinals (perhaps ſuppoſing that they were too

too close shut up in the Conclave,) Cryed, *You must Order the Uncovering of the Roof of the Consistory, to make way for the Holy Ghost to come down upon us:* The Conclave puts so much stress upon this same *Ceremony*, that not strictly to observe it, is a Nullity of the Election.

The *Second Ceremony* at the Election of this Pope, was, The Master of the Ceremonies, (after a Recital of the Cardinals Priviledges, which each Swore to Observe, in case he were chosen Pope,) Rings a Bell and calls them all to Mass, at which they Sang the Hymn, [*Veni Creator Spiritus,*] and the Prayer of the Holy Ghost, to Implore His Illumination upon them: But I am afraid they could not find one Promise to ground their *Prayer* upon, for the promise of the Spirits coming is only to those that Seek him *in Spirit and in Truth*, and that are found *in Due Order*, and not in such Disorders as Usually attend the Conclave, which once gave occasion to an Old Cardinal of *Sicily*, (who, after long Absence, coming to a Popes Election, and finding nothing but Animosities, Factions and Fractions among them,) to complain, saying, *Nunc ad Hunc Modum fiunt pontifices Romani?* &c. I expected that fervent Prayers, as in Times of Old, should have procured

procured ſome fit Man to be pointed out by the Holy Ghoſt to us for a *Vicar of Chriſt*, but (ſaith he) If promiſing Rewards for Penſionary Votes, If Cajoling, Curſing and Threatning Revenge be your way of Canvaſing your Elections, then farwel for me, and ſo the good old Man Returned Home to his Countrey, and could never be perſwaded to ſee *Rome* any more.

The *Third Ceremony*, was, To Elect a Pope by *Scrutiny*, (waving the Two other ways of *Inſpiration* or *Compromiſe*,) which they thus managed, Each Cardinal hath a Liſt of all the Cardinals Names given to him, he Wrote down in a peice of Paper, whom he would have choſen, went to the Altar, puts his Scroll into the Golden Chalice ſtanding thereupon, and ſo Return'd to his place, when all had ſo done, the *Prime Biſhop* took out all the Papers, delivered them to the *Prime Deacon*, who unfolded them all, and without mentioning the *Elector*, Read aloud the Names of the *Elected*: The *Prime Prieſt* Reckoning the Voices, pronounced the *Majority* of Votes to fall upon *Cardinal Odeſchalcho*: Hereupon he Rang a Silver Bell, and a Pan of Coals was brought in, and all the Paper Billets, wherein the Names of all the Cardinals were Written, were Burnt.

Good God, How far the Ancient Church of *Rome* is now Run from the Primitive Pattern? How far is that Church at this Day Run a Whoring? more like *Babylons Whore*, than *Sions Spouse*, who both Ask'd and Received Directions from the Blessed Bridegroom, how she might follow the Footsteps of *Christs* (not *Antichrists*) Flock: I would gladly Ask of any Man, how many of these (and many more, for Brevity, omitted) silly *Apish* as well as *Popish Tricks* and *Trinkets*, were put into practice at the Election of St. *Matthias* into Traiterous *Judas's Bishoprick* and *Apostleship*, Act. 1. 20. to 26. The pure Simplicity of that Primitive Ordination makes our Pope *Innocent* the *Eleventh* look more like an *Unholy Apostate*, than any *Holy Apostle*, whose *Successor* he yet presumes to be Reckoned, who in Truth is rather a *Successor* of *Judas* in betraying *Christ*, as he is the *Antichrist*, than any of the Holy *Apostles*, who were fervent followers of the Sacred Footsteps of their Sweet Saviour, and who Commands us *to follow them no farther, than they follow Christ*, 1 Cor. 11. 1. They make that *Holy Child Jesus* the *Regula Regulans*, or Rule Ruling, and themselves only the *Regula Regulata*, the *Rule Ruled*, they would not have us to follow the Dark Side of the *Cloud* of Witnesses,

heſſes, as the *Ægyptians* did, and were Drowned, but the White-ſide thereof, as the *Iſraelites* did, and were Saved. Neither do we ever find that St. *Peter* paſs'd under thoſe Comick and Theatrical Ceremonies when called to his Apoſtleſhip, or ever ſo Prefer'd or Enrich'd any of his *Nephews* or Baſtards, as the *Pope* (his pretended Succeſſor) doth now.

The *Fourth Ceremony*, wherewith this present Pope had his Pompous Inauguration at his Election, was, Still more like *Apoſtatical*, than *Apoſtolical*, to wit, No ſooner was the Majority of Votes (even Two parts of Three) acknowledged to fall upon our Cardinal *Odeſchalcho*, through the Almighty Influence of his Old *Grateful* as well as Humble Servant, *Don Olympia*, who could not, with either *Honour* or *Advantage*, ſo ſoon forget her Stately Cupboard of curious Silver Plate, well knowing, her laſting Gratitude to Him would be an Encouragement to others in that Court, to make their Addreſſes in the ſame manner to Her. No ſooner (I ſay) was this *Odeſchalcho* owned to be the *Pope Elect* Duely, though never ſo Factiously and Surreptitiously; but preſently the *Wicket*, or rather *Wicked* Hole (well call'd the *Golden Door*, through which the Hungry Cardinals Receive all their

Meat, as well as *Air*, during their, ſometimes, long Confinement,) was then broken open, at which ſtood an Infinite Number of Poor People, on whom this New Pope beſtowed his Papal Benediction, and to whom He Remitted all their Sins. The Formality of opening this *Golden Door*, was thus Obſerved, This New Pope came with a *Golden Mallet* in his Hand (all *He* meddles now with muſt be Gold,) His *Silver Age* is now turned into a *Golden* One, his Silver Cupboard of Plate before purchaſed, is now turned into a *Golden Door*, and into a *Golden Mallet*, yea, better than all this. Here was, by Vertue of the Philoſophers Stone, a *Silver*, or rather a *Leaden*, or *Copper Cardinal* (as *Odeſchalcho* ſignifies) into a more Illuſtrious and *Golden Pope*. With this *Golden Mallet* he ſtrikes at the *Golden Door*, which while He was in Doing, there were Workmen Ordered without to Break it open, which done, all the *Chips*, *Stones*, *Duſt* and *Dirt*, (that fell from this *Golden Gate*, while it was in opening,) are gathered up, and preſerved as the choiceſt and moſt Ineſtimable Relicks; and as to the *Golden Mallet* which this New Pope held in his Hand, *He* Nobly gave to Cardinal *Sforza* (according to Cuſtom) who was his great Crony and Correſpondent, ofteneſt

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in his Company, and eſpecially in moſt Grace and Favour with him, for Lending him ſuch an effectual Lift into *Peters* Chair. Now let any Man of a Sober Mind Judg, what kind of Succeſſor this preſent Pope is to *Poor Peter* in his Chair; the Apoſtle *Peter* ſaith of himſelf, [*Silver and Gold have I none,*] Act. 3. 6. But this Pope (his pretended Succeſſor) hath *Silver* for himſelf, and for his *Olympia* too, yea, and a *Golden Mallet* to give away, *&c. Simon Peter* Rejected *Simon Magus*, when he would have Hired of him the Gift of Miracles, *Acts* 8. 19, 20, 23. whereas this *Pope* will do nothing without Ready Money. St. *Peter* paid his Tribute to Temporal Princes, even at his Lord Chriſts Command, both for *himſelf* and for his *Maſter*, *Matth.* 17. 24. to the laſt; But this *Pope* (being *Antichriſt*) Scorns any ſuch Diſgraceful Motion, No, 'tis below his Unholy Highneſs to pay One Penny; he Received not *Peters* Patrimony upon any ſuch Ignoble Terms: The *Law of the Land*, ſaith, *That a Mans Heir is Obliged to pay the Debts*, and to *perform the Duties of the Inheritance*, otherwiſe the Heir is Diſinherited, and the Inheritance Divided among the Creditors: But the Popes Canon-Law ſaith, *Peters Keys of Authority*, with all the Profits and Emoluments, belong

to the *Pope*, who holds them fast in his Hand; but as to his *Key of Doctrine*, wherein *He* Taught Universal Subjection to Secular Governours, is a Duty no way Incumlent upon *Him*; these are great Incumbrances to Popes, and would be unsupportable Burdens to our Sacred Inheritance: Yet in this the Pope likes well enough to Imitate his Predecessor *Peter* in, He dearly loves to Catch with his Angling Rod such Fishes in his *Sea* or *See*, as have a peice of *Silver in their Mouths*, *Matth.* 17. 27. and it will do no Harm if now and then a peice of Gold be found there also, for then will he be furnish'd with Materials not only for a Silver Cupboard of Plate, but likewise for making his *Golden Doors*, and his *Golden Mallets*.

The *Fifth Ceremony* should have been, When the *Golden Door* was opened, He should have proceeded to the *Porphiry* Chair, the *Chair of Exploration*, where the Youngest *Cardinal-Deacon* should have Examined Things and Things. But this Customary Ceremony is now a Days Antiquated as Superfluous and Unnecessary, since commonly those Popes that have been lately Elected, had given sufficient proof by their Bastards of their *Virility*, and that they were known beforehand to be of the Right *Masculin Gender*, and indeed I think

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it need not be much Doubted, but rather than fail, rather than this Pope should have this trouble given him, *Don Olympia* her self might have come in with her Testimony, and have assured them *Viva Voce*, they might undoubtedly spare the Labor of Exploration, for she hath had some Experimental Knowledg (which is the Best) of his Manhood and Gallantry. And now, when I think of it, I cannot but Imagine this *Groping Chair* a very ill advised Injunction, however upon this Account, That whereas the *Romanists* do usually Stile their Head, *The Lord God their Pope*, now if as they say, *He* be indeed a *God*, they do but Debase him (if not *Ungod* him) in Trying whether be be a *Man*: Methinks the Words of *Christ*, with but a little Variation, might serve the pretended *Vicar of Christ*: as the *Lord* did Evidence the Truth of his Resurrection, by saying, [*If I be a Spirit, I should not have Flesh and Bones,*] Luke 24. 39. So this Vicar might give a Repulse to his *Gropers*, by saying, [*If I be a God, I should not have Manly Members.*] There is only this Difference, Christ was willing to be Handled, but *his Vicar* is *unwilling*, unless by *Olympia*, therefore this Rude Ceremony was Omitted.

But the *Sixth Ceremony* (and so many there must be to comport still with the number

of the name of the Beast, *666.*) is a *Ceremony* of *Ceremonies*, So it supplies the late omission of the *fifth* by way of Redundancy: for this introduceth all the *Splendour* and *Grandeur* of his prime *Procession*, *Consecration*, *Coronation*, &c. (1) His first *Procession* after his *Election*, was thus pompously managed; this *great Man*, or rather, this *great God* was mounted upon Mens shoulders in the most splended Equipage imaginable, *such* as *Solomon in all his Glory was never Arayed with* (for you must suppose this *Pope* to be the goodly *Lilly*, or rather the glorious and gawdy *Tulip*, that our Lord speaks of *Matt. 6. 28, 29.*) However *such* as neither *Christ* himself (*who was greater than Solomon*, Matt. 12. 42.) nor much less his Apostle *Peter* (whose Successour this Pope pretends to be) ever took upon them the like prodigal and pompious Grandeur. *This Pope was now Arayed in Scarlet Robes, Furr'd with Ermines quite through, and Adorned with the Richest Gold and Silver Laces, there was placed upon his Head a most glittering and glorious Tripple Crown of Gold, and a most Rich Collor of Gold all curiously Enameld with the choicest Jewels and chiefest precious Stones: there were put into his Hands two Golden Keys* (pretended to be the same, that *Christ* gave to *Peter*, and that *Peter* at his Death bequeathed

queathed to the *Popes* ſucceſſively) *which are for opening* and *ſhutting* the *Gates of Heaven* (a place where Himſelf is never like to come) *for whom he pleaſeth*: and *over his Head was carried a moſt ſtately Canopy with lofty, flying, and moſt gawdy Streamers*, and *He Himſelf* under it moſt Trim, with his Artificial Locks finely curl'd and powder'd with a Vaſt Tower or Fruz upon his Fore-head (in the very Dreſs of the *Myſtical Whore*) and in all this Antick Dreſs and Pedantick Pageantry, this Pope was preſented to the people, who (together with his Page) made thereupon loud Acc'arations: [*Vive le Papa, Vive le Papa*] all along as He made his Progreſs to *Peters Chair*: mark here, while this *Apocalyptick Beaſt* was thus mounted upon Mens ſhoulders, He was then carried like a *Conquerour*, who had now made a compleat Conqueſt over the whole Conclave of his Fellow-Cardinals, and now had ſtoutly Stormed (in deſpight of all fraud and force, yea, of Fate it ſelf) the pontifical Chair, and in this poſture He was not onely like King *Saul, who was higher by the Head and ſhoulders than all the People*, but alſo as a *mighty Nimrod*, who was to Trample them all under Foot, His Feet ſtanding as high as their Heads: but the moſt ſignificant Ceremony in his paſſage from the *Gol-*

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den Hatch or *Wicket*, to his Chair of State was this, a lump of Flax was carried before Him Burning, whereat these words were proclaimed.

——*Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*

'Tis the Prayer of prudent and pious Protestants, that an happy Blast may descend from Heaven to blow out for ever all this Antichristian Glory. Even so Amen & Amen.

Thus was he brought to his *Chair of State*, which was likewise covered with *Scarlet*, all richly Embroidered, Fringed round about with a Gold and Silver Silk Fringe, and gloriously bedeckt with *Golden Balls* and *Crosses*, and which was placed upon as *Lofty* and as *Costly* a Throne as was that of *Solomons*, 1 Kings 10. 18. Thither was he brought upon Mens shoulders, and when gently taken down (for fear of hurting the good old Man) there was He *seated*, there was He *consecrated*, and there was He *crowned*, &c. when all this *solemnity* is accomplished, then His *Herald* (dressed up in a Garb comporting with the Pomp) proclaims by sound of Trumpet, His great Lord and Master, to be now [*the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords*] and as if that were not sufficient, *He* had his *Parasites* prepared

prepared to cry loud [*God Bleſs our Lord God the Pope*] Thus *He*, who trode under foot onely the People before, muſt now trample upon the Necks of Kings and Emperours, Inſtance onely in *poor Emperour Frederick*, who was conſtrained to lay ſprawling under the *proud Popes* Feet, on whoſe Neck *He* inſolently trampled at *Venice*: 'Tis therefore one part of this Pompious Magnificency, that this *Magnifico* hath two Swords ſtanding erect by his Chair of State at his right Hand, to denote, that not onely the *Sword of Excommunication*, but alſo the *Sword* of *Civil Dominion* belongs to him alſo: To ſay nothing of the number of Gawdy *Beads*, *Agnus Deis*: and abundant more *Romiſh Trumpery* expoſed to publick View, for the better ſetting off the Solemnity of his Inauguration: I think 'twas about well, that, together with his Title aforementioned, this alſo [*God of Gods*] was not ſuperadded, ſo exalted Him above the *moſt High God*, as well as over all *Lords*, *Kings*, and *Emperours*. The *Roman Canon* and Ceremonial Law *commands* the People to ſay at the *Popes Inſtalment* [*thou art our God the Pope*] and *Pope Martin* could calmly and complaiſantly receive the Complement of the *Sicilian* Embaſſadour ſaying [*thou art the Lamb of God, that takeſt away*

the

the sins of the World] so was this, but to declare to all the World, that it is He *who sits in the Temple of God, exalting Himself above all that is called God*, if not above the true God Himself, the Pope dare dispence with, if not disanul or contradict the Law of God: Sure I am, never did any mortal Man look more like *proud Lucifer* (who said *ero sicut Altissimus*, I *will be like*, If not above, *the most High*, Isa. 14. 14.) than this present proud Pope in his pontificalibus exposed to View with all those Additional Formalities did go, all which, yet one more must still be added, to wit, the *change of his Name*, his old Name [*Odeschalco* the *Cardinal* must be turned into *Innocent* the *11th.* How *Nocent* this *Innocent* was, the sequel will demonstrate. Yet follows he the Pattern of *Bocca di Porco* or Hog-face, who was the *first Pope* that changed his Name, thus when his Successours were *Cowards*, they must be called *Leo*, if he were a Tyrant, called *Clement*, if a *Rustick*, *Urbanus* though never such a *Turbanus*, or trouble World: If an Athiest then *Pious*. So if never so obnoxious, or *Nocent* then it must be *Innocent*. The *Popes* of these later Years have been generally short lived, to Instance onely in a few of the last Edition, Cardinal *Chigi* was Elected Pope, in the year 55. *April* the

7*th*,

7th., call'd himſelf *Alexander* the *7th*, one troubleſome enough to the Church, *&c.* He ſoon trips off (Whether from the goodneſs of God or his own good Nature, I ſhall not ſay) gave up the Ghoſt, and reſigned up the Chair to Cardinal *Roſpiglioſs*, who ſucceeds him *June* 20*th.* by the Name of *Clement* the *9th*, in the Year 67. The *loſs of Candia* afflicted him much more, than the *burning of London*, and haſtened his Death in the Year 70. The Conclave being ſhut up above Four Months (a long time to be in the Dark, where they made day of Wax Candle, Having neither Windows nor Holes to let in light) at laſt had ſo much light as to Elect *Cardinal Altieri*, which was the doating Pope that Created our *Cardinal Howard* (who is after to be mentioned) and then Dyeth in the Year 76. having born the Name of *Clement the Tenth.* So gives place to our *Cardinal Odeſchalco*, &c. what a black Character they all bear in the *Hiſtory of Cardinals*, I muſt rather requeſt the Reader to obſerve it there than to expect it here; eſpecially of this preſent Pope *Don Olympias* grand Favourite: but above all, I wonder at that Iriſh Prophet *Malachi* (which Dr. *Heylin* mentioneth in his Coſmog. laſt Edition p. 106.) who lived in the *11th*, Century, contemporary with *Bernard*, yet undertook

undertook to give an account of all the Popes from that time to this day, and this He doth by *Symbols and Hieroglyphicks*, and omitting all others, as beside our purpose that which is most remarkable, is the character, He so prophetically Imposeth upon this present Pope Symbolically, and in an Hieroglyphick way plainly Stiles Him, *Bellua Insatiabilis*, an *Insatiable Beast*, I have been thinking since I found it that this *Malachi* the *Irish Prophet* (not to meddle with his other predictions, *&c.*) hath Accommodated this character so congruously to this *Odeschalco*, as if he had been the *Jewish Prophet Malachi*, who infallibly had the *Infallable Spirit*, what kind of Spirit (this Popish Saint, a Cesterian Monk, Arch-Bishop of *Dublin* in *Ireland*) was endued with, is not easie to Determine, yet is there found such an Admirable Harmony *inter signum & signatum*, the *Person* and the *things* do Symbolize to Astonishment, as *Messingham*, *Bussier*, &c. do observe.

Convenient Rebus Nomina Sæpe Suis.

That this present Pope should be pointed out (as by the Finger) to be an *Insatiable Beast*, above Five Hundred Years before He was Born, must be acknowledg'd *Mirabile*

like Dictu. If several of the true Prophets of God did so Truly Foretel of *Nebuchadnezzar*, that *He* would Arise, and become Gods *Battle-Axe* to Hew down the Degenerate Generation of the *Jews*, bring them *to literal Babylon*, keep them Captive there for *Seventy long Years*, &c. And if several of the *True Apostles of Christ* did so Truly Foretel of *Antichrist*, that he would Arise out of the *Earth* and out of the *Sea*, and become the *Devil's Patriarch* to tread down the outward Court of formal Professours, carry them Captive to *Mystical Babylon*, keep them in Captivity for *one thousand two Hundred and sixty long Years*, &c. And *both these*, Some Hundred of Years before they both came to pass: Why may we not call this *strange Prophet*, (that thus long before foretold of this Individual present Pope, that he would Arise, and become an *Insatiable Beast*) The Prophet *Malachi the Second*, notwithstanding he was one of the *Monkish Order*, I cannot but Judg His Testimony is therefore so much the stronger, for 'tis a received Maxim [*firmum est probandi Genus quod etiam ab Adversario Sumitur, quum Veritas etiam ab Inimicis Veritatis probari possit*] 'tis the strongest kind of proof, when the very *Enemies of the Truth* are constrained to bear Witness to it. Hereupon *Ludovicus Vives de probabilitatis Instrumentis*

mentis saith thus [*Amici contra Amicum, & Inimici pro Inimico Invincibile Testimonium erit*] which in *plain English* must thus be *explained*. *The Testemony of a Papist against a Papist*, and of a Papist for a Protestant is a Testimony without exception, and more Infallible than this *Infallible Pope*, against whom this Popish Monk, *Malachi*, beareth such an undeniable Testimony, though his Friend as of the same Religion, yet Honours He Him with no better a Title, than that of an *Insatiable Beast*.

The whole Scope of all the following *Discourse* is no other than a *Descant* and *Comment* upon that *Black* and *Beastly Brand*, wherewith this *Irish* Prophet (*Monk Malachi*) Stigmatiz'd *him* with, so many Hundred Years before He was in *Rerum Naturâ*, or had any Existence: Now that He hath been so long in his present Being, and hath been Acting (like the *Devils* Patriarch) his Deviliſh part in the Tragedy upon the Theatre of the World, ever since *September* the *Twenty-First*, in the Year *Seventy Six*, whereon He was *Consecrated and Crowned*, &c. as above. *Time* is always the best *Expositor* of the most Abstruce and Obscure Prophecies; and what a full and perfect Expolition *Time* it self hath already made (and may hereafter make more)

upon

upon this very Text and Title of this *Irish Prophet Malachi*, concerning this Pope, is my Task I have before me to Demonstrate.

First, In *General*, That this present Pope is a *Beast*, is as plain, as if Writ with a Beam of the Sun upon a Wall of Marble. Seeing both the *Prophet Daniel*, and the Apostle *John*, do Unanimously call the whole Series of those *Roman* Popes no better than *Beasts*, yea, such Beasts as are beyond and above all Names, as in the *Preface*.

'Tis manifest enough even out of their own Authors (such as Wrote the Lives of the Popes) How that many, if not most of them, were *Men* of *Sin* with an Accent; yea, Beasts rather than Men; yea, even *Monsters* in Iniquity: See Dr. *Heylin*'s Cosmog. pag. 106, 107, 108. of the last Edition, where you have a Black-Bed Roll of their State and Story, to the number of Thirty one, which is a lucky Number, call'd an *even Hitter*, and is said, a Knave and One and Twenty, (or in plainer English, a *Knave*, that stands for *ten* [*Knaves*] and One and Twenty more (of the same litter, or letter) wins all at the Game of Noddy this Christmass time, wherein *The Knave* Καθ' ἐξοχὴν is turned up Trump with a witness: See also *Ness*'s *Discovery of Antichrist*,

pag. 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62. where you have a Compendious Landskip of but a few of the Popes Lives (all gather'd out of their own *Roman* Writers) to shew in short, what *Beasts*, what *Monsters of Men* they have been: And that this great Truth may be *Compleatly Confirmed* by the Mouth of even *Three Witnesses*, See also Dr. *Scalter* in his Comment upon the *Second of Thessalon.* pag. 115. where he saith, [If a Man may be so bold with the *Pope*, as *John Baptist* was with our Saviour (and why should *Christ* be more Rudely Handel'd than *Antichrist*) Asking, [*Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?*] The like Answer may most properly be Returned, [*Go and Tell what you heard and seen*, to wit, *God is Contemn'd, the Devils are Worship'd, Religion is Prophan'd, Superstition is Hallow'd, Beastly Lust is Practic'd, and Parricide is not only Perpetrated, but Patroniz'd,*] with much more Horrid Hellishness those [*Pessimi probi Homines*] or Wicked Popes have done: Is not this the *Man of Sin*, the *Apocalyptick Beast*, the *Matchless Monster*, Prophecy'd of in the *Word*, that should come into *the World* and play *Rex*, and his Pranks in it: Now 'tis below this present Pope to be better than his Predecessors, He Scorns to Degenerate from the Worst of them, chusing rather to Imitate

Imitate them, than Holy *Peter*. The *Iriſh Prophet* Stiles him a *Beaſt*, and *Time* hath proved him ſo. Our next Work is to ſhew him the *Inſatiable* One, for *Craft* and *Cruelty*.

The *Epithet Inſatiable* hath Variety of Acceptions, according to the Variety both of its *Subject* and *Object*. There be various Paſſions of the Mind of Man, that are Headſtrong, Extravagant and Inſatiable, whereby Man is turned into a Beaſt, as Thus,

Firſt, The *Paſſion* of Luſt, when it grows Unruly and Ungovernable, *Tranſporting* the Monk out of his Monaſtery into the Nunnery among the Nuns, or ſuppoſe the Man a *Cardinal*, or a *Pope*, when he is Exported out of all Bonds and Bounds of Temperance and Continency, his *Unruly Luſt* cauſeth him Rudely to break His *Vow of Chaſtity*, and He hereupon Applys himſelf to his common *Curtezans*, or *Don Olympia's*, then is the *Beaſt* truly Stiled *Inſatiable*. Or

Secondly, When that Paſſion of Bloud-Thirſtineſs hath the like prevalency over the Mind of Man, makes him as Savage, and as Bloudy-Minded as a Butcher or Beaſt, inſomuch, that *He* Delights to Wallow in the Bloud of others, yea, to be *Drunk with*

the Blood of the Saints (which is the Trick of the *Beast*,) then is the Beast Rightly Branded with being *Insatiable*, and then 'tis High Time for good Protestants to put up this good Prayer, *Lord, let this Drunken Insatiable Beast, Spue and Fall, and never Rise up any more.* or

Lastly, (To Omit other Exorbitant Passions and Affections of Mankind,) the Third Case is, When the Connatural Passion of Covetousness hath got such a Predominancy over the Mans Mind, that it Metamorphoses *him* into a *Muck-worm*, yea, into a Mole, that Subterraneal Blind Creature, which lives altogether within the *Earth* (being Restless, as out of its Center, while out of it) and hath nothing to do with *Heaven*: Must Evermore have his Mouth and Claws full of Earth, when *the Man* will Extract Gain out of a very Dunghil, a Vast Revenue for Indulging Stews, and that as a Necessary Convenience, [*Ad purgandos Renes*] especially in the Three Hot Months of the Year, when *the Man* doth practically approve of that Motto, [*Lucri bonus est odor ex re quâlibet*,] and that other too, [*Lucrum è Lotio est Optabile*,] These were the Old Symbols of some Great Men of *Rome*, who thought all Gain Sweet, though Got out of the Piss-Pot, *&c.* And this

Great

Great Man of Rome is no Changling from them, He is for getting the Devil and all, with his *Gain from all Quarters*, Isa. 56. 11. *and* Micah 3. 3. *per Totum*. Then also is the *Beast Insatiable*, and upon this Third Account it is, that the *Prophet Malachi* the Second, aforesaid, calleth in His Characters, this very *Odeschalcho* (the *present Pope*) *Bellua Insatiabilis*, as a late Learned Writer doth well Interpret it: Though this *Beast of Rome* hath been *Insatiable* enough as is supposed, in the First Case and Account of *Insatiability*, when he look'd upon *Carnal Concupiscence* with *Romish* Spectacles, and according to the Popish Doctrine, but a *Peccadillo*, a *Trick of Youth*, a *Venial Sin*; He had that Flesh-pleasing Circular saying, [*Confess after Sin, Sin and Confess*, in Infinitum,] in great Veneration, as a Sovereign Cure for a Popish Conscience, and indeed, 'tis a wonder that all the *World* (*which lays in Wickedness*, 1 John 5. 19.) will not easily turn *Papists*, that they may Sin, in Sins of all sorts, with Peace, wherein they can Bless themselves with Pardons prepared and to be Purchased: But to let that pass, seeing the Jesuits Rule, [*Sinon castè, tamen cautè*] Anticipates Intelligence of such Deeds of Darkness, till the Pond come to be Scowred again, wherein were found Thousands of

Infants Skulls, which, as it promoted the Deſtruction of *Abbeys* here, ſo in Time every where, yea, of *Rome* it ſelf, that *Brothel-Houſe of Babylon.* My Work at preſent is, to give him his due Character of an *Inſatiable Beaſt* in both the other Reſpects, with a little Tranſpoſition of the Third, (as coming next to Hand into the Seconds place) to wit, both as a Greedy and as a Bloudy *Inſatiable* Beaſt.

This *Prophet Malachi* (the *Iriſh Monk*) hath *Divine Warrant* to call this Pope an *Inſatiable Beaſt*, ſeeing the *Prophet Iſaiah* calls ſuch *Prieſts* (*ejuſdem Farinæ* of the ſame Brann with this *High Prieſt*) *Greedy Dogs, which can never have enough*, Iſa. 56. 10, 11. and though they were *dumb Dogs and could not bark*, yet could they bite well enough, perverting the Houſe of God for Prayer into a Den of Cut-Throat Thieves: How far this *Pope* hath been the *Jewiſh Prophets Greedy Dog*, and the *Iriſh* Prophets *Inſatiable Beaſt*, falls firſt in Order to Demonſtrate: ſo His moſt *Eminent* and *Gainful Cheats, whereby he Gulls the ſilly People*, do here follow.

He is (in the General) the Grand *Impoſtor of the World*, ſo the *Pope* was call'd by Doctor *Morton* Biſhop of *Durelm* many Years ago, whoſe Elaborate Book Diſcourſeth

eth the many Legerdemain Tricks wherewith He *deceiveth Nations*, and all and only to pick their Pockets.

May we but be let in a little to behold the Bowels of this *Grand Cheat*, and View but a while his *Guts* and *Garbage*, 'twill soon be Discerned that he is the *Devils Patriark*, bearing upon his Bannet the *Abomination of Desolation*: The time would fail to tell, How many Families this *Abominable Beast* hath made *Desolate*: what else is the whole Cento and Fardle of Popery, but a Concatenation of Wiles to compass a purse? What is the chief Design of this *Balaam of Rome*, but a continual conjuration for an *House-full of Gold and Silver?* Witness his *lying Legends*, His *Mock-Miracles*, *Praying for the* Dead, and a Thousand more nimble Tricks too tedious to enumerate, but above all, His *Doctrine of Purgatory*, The Fire whereof doth more effectually *warm the Popes Kitchin*, than Torture any Soul *He* Damns into it. 'Tis a *Cheat of Cheats*: Methinks the *Apostle Peter* points at this *Pope*, (who pretends to be his Successor) while he speaks of such, as *through Covetousness with feigned Words*, do make *Merchandise of Men*, and when He names *Balaam the Son of Bosor, who loved the wages of Iniquity* so far, until the *Dumb Ass* forbad the mad-

ness of the *profane Prophet*, yet *He* cannot pass off without passing a Divine Doom, saying, *whose Judgment now of a long time lingreth, and yet their Damnation slumbreth not*, 2 Pet. 2. 3. 15, 16. How can it *slumber* long, when the cry of his cheating Tricks (together with *that of Blood*) is gone up to Heaven to fletch down Gods Vengeance upon this *Popes* Head, and upon his whole *Popedom*: Let the *Apostle Paul* also Joyn Issue in this matter with his *beloved Peter*, (both which are represented *Blushing*, as before, at such pitiful pretended Successors) who saith likewise [as *Jannes* and *Jambres withstood Moses, so do these the Messias, Men of corrupt Minds, and Reprobate concerning the Faith: But they shall proceed no further, for their folly shall be made manifest to all Men, as theirs also was*, 2 Tim. 3. 8, 9. Now what were *Jannes* and *Jambres*, but a couple of *Gipsy* or *Ægyptian Conjurers*, that cheated the People with their *lying Miracles*, &c. And such have some of the *Popes of Rome* (that *Mystical Ægypt*, Rev. 11. 8.) been, *&c.* [*Habemus Reos Confitentes*] Popish Authors do acknowledg it, and did *Moses* muzzle the Mouths, and made their Cheats manifest to all Men? How much more will the *Messias* (who is greater than *Moses*, Heb. 3. 3.) confound in due time this

this *Grand Impoſtor*. 'Tis impoſſible for any Man of a Sober Mind to think otherwiſe, eſpecially, If he caſt but a ſeeing Eye upon [*Taxa Comeræ Apoſtolicæ*] the Apoſtolical Chamber in the Vatican at *Rome*, where this *Pope* hath opend his *Pedlars Pack*, expoſed all his Vendible Commodities (for *Romæ Omnia Venalia*) to the beſt Advantage of commending them to his Chapmans Eye, no Shop ſo well furniſhed, or affords ſuch a Tempting Proſpect in any of the Walks of the Royal Exchange Chambers, and that which gives the moſt Splendid and Decoying Luſtre is, there you have the Pope himſelf in his Grandeur, Courting in Cuſtomers, good Man, *He* dare not truſt his Vaſſals, a pack of Knaves, He hath found them long, wou'd go Snips with their Maſter, He ha's now Learnt by His Loſs. *Keep the Shop* Robin, *and it will keep thee.* There himſelf ſtands crying in the very Language of *Folly* (not of *Wiſdom*) *who ſo is ſimple, let him turn in Hither*, Prov. 9. 16. He Cants in his Proſelytes with Pedlars Pedantick Oratory, Coying them in with come along my *Cronies*, my Soft Pates (for you muſt ſuppoſe He is of the ſame Sentiments with that Crafty *Shop-Keeper*, who once Boaſted, He would not ſell all his *Children and Fools*, his Cuſtomers, for ſome Hundreds of Pounds

in

in the Year) come along my Coreulums, look about you, Gentlemen, what lack you? Lo, here's a *Goose-Giblet Pye*, wherein every Palate may pleaſe it ſelf, what will ye buy? I am juſt now upon my laſt Legs, my long Leaſe of 1260 Years is now at its laſt Gaſp and Expiration, what, never a packing-penny among you all for a poor packing-off Pope: But are you Deſirous to know his *Wares* (all very Vendible to the Credulous, that never think of the Cheat) what are his Commodities in particular? I will tell you, where you have them all named, and we are not a little obliged to the *Infallible Holy Ghoſt*, that will take all the pains in giving us a Diſtinct Catalogue of all this *Infallible Ghoſtly* Fathers Commodities: He tells you, *Rev.* 18. 12, 13. in *Antichriſts* Stately Shop, you may have for *Ready Money* [*the Merchandiſe of Gold and Silver, precious Stones* and *Pearls, fine Lennen* and *Purple*, all *Silk* and *Scarlet*, *all Thyne or Sweet Wood, all manner of Veſſels of Ivory, all manner of Veſſels of precious Wood*, of *Braſs*, of *Iron*, and of *Marble*; yet more, yea, and *Cinnamon*, *Odours*, and *Ointments*, yea, *Frankincenſe*, *Wine* and *Oyl*, yea, *fine Flower* and *Wheat*, yet more, there be *Beaſts*, and *Sheep*, and *Horſes*, (I wonder *Aſſes* are left out) and Chariots, and Slaves, (no doubt

on't,

on't, but the greateſt Ware is behind) the *Souls of Men.*

Who will not ſay here [God bleſs us] what a Shop is this? So Capacious, and ſo Accommodated with all the choiceſt and chiefeſt Commodities, that this lower World can afford: Here's the Riches of both the *Indies* (*Gold*, *Silver*, and *precious Stones* there-*of*) Here's the Riches of all Countrys and Kingdoms, betwixt *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, *North* and *South*: Here's the very Quinteſſence and Compendium of *Europe*, of *Aſia*, of *Africk*, and of *America*: is not this the *Grand Impoſtor*, that even call'd for a packing-penny to a poor Pope, who hath ſo much of Treaſure, enough to ſerve himſelf and enough to ſell to others. But I wonder *He* expoſeth his *Scarlet* to Sale, Having ſo much uſe for it to Array the *Scarlet Whore*: as alſo that the *Beaſt* ſhould be a Seller of *Beaſts*, and above all, I wonder what price He ſets upon the *Souls of Men*: ſeeing our Lord Chriſt (who beſt knew the worth of Souls, becauſe He onely went to the price of Souls) *Valued one Soul worth the whole World*, Matth. 16. 26. Surely He muſt be the *Antichriſt*, who *ſelleth Souls* for Trifles: In a Word, ſurely, This Pope is *Jack of all Trades*: Here he is a *Goldſmith*, with his Gold and Silver, and it may be a *Banker*,

I wiſh

I wish him to become a *Bankrupt*. Here he is a *Jeweller*, with his *Pearls* and *Precious Stones*. Here he is a *Linnen-Draper*, with his *Fine Linnen* and *Purple*, (I doubt He wants the *Scotch-Cloth*.) Here you have him a *Silk-Man* with his Silks of all sorts, and fear not, but he has *Satten* (or *Satan*) enough. Here he is a *Turner*, that Sells all sorts of *Vessels*, wherewith he *Turns* the World Upside Down; this *He* effects by *Vessels of Wrath*, but He Sells for *Slaves* the *Vessels of Mercy*. Here you have him one while a *Brazer* with his *Brass*; another while an *Iron-Monger* with his *Iron*; yea, sometimes a *Stone-Cutter*, with his *Marble*, and why not a *Tinker* too, being a Kin to him, that instead of mending some Holes, made many more, yet was well paid for his pains. Here he is a *Druggist*, with his *Cinnamon*, *Odours* and *Ointment*, &c. not one Sophisticated Drug amongst them all. Here he comes as a *Vintner* with his Bottles of *Wine* to *comfort the Heart*, and his Cruises of *Oil* to Chear and Clear the Countenance; 'tis well if there be not a Tincture of the *Wine of Sodom* among Hands. Yea, rather than fail, *He* becomes a *Corn-Chandler*, affording you *Wheat*, either broken into *Flour* (with Bran enough in it) or in the whole Grain, but a little Musty by laying

ing

ing in a bad Granary or Garner, the *Apoſtolical Chamber*. Yet lower, nay rather than ſit Idle, he will come as a Ruſtick *Drover* to Sell *Beaſts*, and *Sheep*, and *Horſes*, (well Mouth'd and Man'd all, and made as Tame as *Aſſes*.) And at laſt he comes as a *Coach-Maker*, who has his *Charots* to Sell, but have a care they carry you not to *Purgatory* inſtead of *Abrahams Boſom*. But to Crown up the Catalogue of all his Commodities, Note, that which we Read *Slaves*, doth ſignifie [*Bodies*,] which he Sels for *Slaves*, and the *Souls of Men* too. And ſo Laſtly, he becomes a *Body-ſeller*, and (to make a thorough-whole-ſale Trade, a *Soul-ſeller* alſo. Let us all (with *Moſes*) turn aſide to ſee this *great Wonder*, ſure I am, never did *Proteus* turn himſelf into ſo many *Shapes*, never did any *Jeſuit* (this *Popes* Creature) Convert himſelf into ſo many Callings, as His Maſter is here Repreſented in. The Pope hath made a Monopoly of all Employs to himſelf, both in *City* and *Country*. And the greateſt Merchants Shop (whoſe Riches lay not there, but in the Warehouſe) cannot, though taken both together, be compared to the *Apoſtolical Chamber*. One coming into a Merchants Shop (I knew the Man, a Ruſtick Carrier) and ſeeing no Goods therein, Bluntly

Asks

Asks the Apprentice (sitting alone in the Shop) what was Sold there? the Malapert Youth Answered, We Sell *Loggerheads*, say you so, saith the Rustick, Then you have a Quick Market for them, seeing I see but One left in the Shop. There is no Danger of any *Citizen* or *Countryman* either *Missing* (what Wares he would be at) or *Mistakings* of that Nature, for here's all things Exposed to View. There is yet One Mischief mention'd, *Revel.* 18.11. where (this Rich Shop is Inventory'd) that *No Man Buyeth His Merchandise any more*: This will break him at last.

But let my Countrymen take these Two Cautions,

First, Have a care of a Cheat in his corrupt Commodities: for he sells them all in a very dark Shop, not suffering you to exercise your own Reason, you must take all upon his crack'd Credit, and comply with His price in an *Implicit Faith*, and in a *blind Obedience* you must believe what the Pope believes, and he is no such Fool as to discommend his own Wares, He best Embraces Blindfold Buyers, *Ignorance is the Mother of his Merchandize.*

The Second Caution is, 'Tis dangerous venturing into this *Apostolical Chamber*, least this *Grand Cheat* pick your pockets, for though

though his Wares be naught, being all for Impoſitions, *He* will impoſe them upon you, and he will not truſt you to the door for fear you give him the ſlip, He muſt have *Ready Money* paid down upon the nail.

Have a care you be not cox'd out of good Gold for bad Ware: And before you *Saddle* your *Aſs* to Ride down to this Arch Huxter in Myſtical *Ægypt*, let me beſeech you to conſider a little in your conſidering Cap, whither it were not far better for you, to make your Buying Bargains with *Chriſt* than with *Antichriſt*, for the *former* Invites Chapmen to buy his *true Treaſure, unſearchable Riches, Gold Tryed in the* Fire, *Royal Robes* of his own Righteouſneſs, the choiceſt Opthalmicks or *Eye-Salve*, the *Waters of Life*, the *Wine of the* Spirit, the *Milk* of *Conſolation*, &c. And all theſe *without Money* and without *Price*, Iſa. 55. 1. Rev. 3. 18. Eph. 3. 8. Iſa. 66. 11, *&c.* but the *latter* Wheadles *ſimple ones* (as above) to buy his *Traſh* and *Trumpery*, yet credulous Fools muſt part with much Money, and a prodigious price for them, *&c.*

But ſome may ſay, theſe *Commodities* of the *Pope*, as ſet down in the *Catalogue* under ſuch Glittering Titles, *Rev.* 18. 12, 13. *Gold, Silver*, &c. look nothing like to *Traſh* and *Trumpery*: To this I anſwer, the Book

of

of the *Revelation* is ſo Abſtruſe and Myſterious, that it requires another *Revelation* to unfold its Myſtery: I confeſs, I have conſulted ſome Learned Interpreters upon the place: But that which is *Inſtar Omnium*, and gives a None-Such Interpretation is the *chief Auditor* of the Apoſtolick Chamber in his Infallible Account Book.

Never did the *profoundeſt Interpreter* (no not the Accuteſt of their own *Popiſh Poſtillers*) make a plainer Explanation of any Dark Scripture, than this Popes *Auditor General* hath made of *Rev.* 18. 12. 13. All the Voluminous Quirks of the moſt Mercurial *Jeſuits* [*Cajetan*, *Mendoza*, *Salmeron*, &c.] are comparatively but Inſiped Stuff, and dull Deſcants to that one *Auditors Record* of the Romiſh Merchandiſe in this Popes Apoſtolical Chamber. Yea, the *Chaldee Paraphraſe*, or *Onkeles* (ſo much cry'd up in the World) is but a *Jejune Piece* to it. *This* is the *Maſter Piece* of all, wherein what be the *Romiſh Pearls and precious Stones*, &c. are made ſo *Legible* and *Intelligible*, that every common Capacity may both *Apprehend* and *Comprehend* the right Notion of them.

In that known Court-Rolls and Rate-Book, is Regiſtred, and made publick the common and current Price of a many choice and curious Commodities, as *Pardons*, *Indignity*

dulgences, *Licenses*, *Absolutions*, &c. whatever you have a mind to buy: Indeed the *Crys* of Vendible Wares in the Streets of *London* [*will you buy this*, &c. *and will you buy that*, &c.] are both [πολυμερῆ and δυνάντα] *manifold* and somewhat hard to be understood, especially in some of the *cryes*: but the *cryes* and *outcryes* in the *Streets of Rome*, do far exceed the best of *ours*, yea that of *Dainty Trotters*, *Curious Trotters*: But they that have a mind to *Trot* to *Rome*, may *There* hear far better *Crys*, as this for one [*will ye buy any Bodies*, *will ye buy any Souls of Men?*] This is a Raree-Show Indeed, and such a *Tickling*, *Tempting Cry*, as will cause empty Houses, who would not Run out (though the Pot be boiling upon the Fire, and the Spit turning at it) to see the *Wonders of the Beast*? Revel. 13. 3, 13, 14. Who would not but desire to be a Chapman for (at least to Cheap) his Rare Commodities?

But because it may seem a little below His *Highness* and *Holiness*, to become a common Cryer, He hath learnt the Trick of our Nimble *Quacks* and *Don Quick-Sots*; as every common *Quack* and *Mountebank*, Prints now his Bills, Hands them out *Gratis* with much Generosity, yet catches *Children and Fools* enough to pay for them; there

you have set down, *Elixir Vitæ* at so much, *Elixir Salutis* at so much, the *Golden Spirit* at so much, the *Scurvy Spirit* at so much, *Sovereign Powder* for so much, the *Plaister*, call'd *All-Heal*, for so much, and Twenty Rarities more (all *Arcanums*) none Attains to such a Secret as himself; every thing Expos'd is good for all things, if but a *Thumb-Bottle* of his Liquor be Bought, 'twill Cure all Diseases; if but a little of his Balsom be Applied, 'twill Heal all Wounds. What *Madmen* be these to be either Slain or Die in the midst of so many Antidotes, *&c.* Yea, the *Mountebank* goes a little further, He comes forth *Cum Regis Privilegio*, makes Experiments upon himself, both in *Stabbings* and *Poisonings*, Builds his Theatre, whereon he Expoleth all his *Cheating Tricks* to Publick View, and when the Credulous come not in fast enough to make their Markets there, his *Merry-Andrew* must Dance upon a Rope, play Twenty pretty Pranks (yet all the while more Knave than Fool) to Decoy them, and yet when all is done, few more than the Rabble are Caught in the Snare.

So this *Grand Quack* the *Pope*, and *Master-Mountebank*, Prints his Bulls *Cum Privilegio*, commends to the Life his Curs'd Wares, Acts all the parts of the former to

a Threed,

a Thread, yet Advances upon an Higher Stage. And indeed, His Wares have a strange Operation. If but a *Thumb-Bottle* of his *Wine of Fornication* be Drunk, it will strangely Intoxicate even the *Kings of the Earth*. And his *Jesuits Powder* will work Wonders.

But not to detain you in the Dark any longer, If you have a mind to be Cheated, or only to see his Cheats, you'l find *his Printed Bills*, Publish'd to the whole World with *Antichrists Arms* Stamp'd upon them, in his *Taxa Cameræ Apostolicæ*, where you have the *Scarlet Whore's Adulterated* Wares particularly Represented, both in their *Species*, *Properties*, *Profits* and *Prices*, yea, and there is *Morsus Diaboli*, the Herb call'd *Devil-bit*, to wrap them up in, cast into the Bargain.

Take only an *Antipharmacon*, a *Divine Allay* and *Preservative*, along with you, least your Nostrils be offended, and your Vital and Animal Spirits contract any Tincture of Contagion, while I am (to satisfie your Curiosity) but a little way *Digging* into this *stinking Dunghil*. I have good Warrant for this my good Work, in laying open the Cheating Abominations of this *Scarlet Coloured Beast*. As that *Man of God*, great *Elijah* could not tell how to *Ridicule* enough

the Prophane *Priests of Baal*, 1 Kings 18. 27. Much more may I *Ridicule* the Grand Master of them, and this cannot be better done, than by giving you but a brief Landskip of the *Roman* Merchandize, a bare *Recitation* whereof is a sufficient *Refutation* to any Sober and Right Thinking Mind.

The *Apostolical Chamber* Posts up its [*Si Quis*, &c.] *If any one* want this or that Popish Trumpery, they may *come* and be *welcome* at this *present Popes* Ware-house, provided always they come with Money in their Hands, and come up to the current Price (by Canon-Law) of each Vendible Commodity: come along my Hearts, *My Son, Give me thy Heart.* You shall have *Robin Hood* Penniworths, enough for your Money in all Conscience: because you are all Friends, you shall all be very Kindly Used, and so *Farewel.*

A Schedule or List of the *Romish* Wares, this *Pope* (the *Lord* of the *Manour*) Exposeth to Sale by Inch of Candle, take as followeth,

Imprimis, *He* Exposeth his Pick-pocketing *Pardons* of all sorts and sizes, and the Prices thereof (in some of them) are set down in Black and White upon the Popes Tables hung out to Publick View, or something *Equivalent.* As

First,

First, A *Pardon* for the Third part of your Sins, equally Divided by Indifferent Persons, for Seven Pound Ten Shillings, and if you would Buy off the other Two parts, 'twill Cost you Two and Twenty Pound Ten Shillings, and a very Rich Penniworth.

Secondly, A *Pardon* for Forty Eight Years Sins, as you can Agree with this *Innocent Pope*; He is a very *Innocent*, you may possibly Wheadle him to your own Terms with Nuts and Apples, *&c.*

Thirdly, A *Pardon* for Two Thousand Eight Hundred Years, confirm'd by Pope *Paschal* the First, by *Boniface* the Eighth, and by *Gregory* the Ninth, and now under a New Ratification by this Pope *Innocent* the Eleventh; this may be had Dog-cheap, only for saying a few very short Prayers in the right Critical Hour, betwixt the *Elevation* of the Host and Three *Agnus Dei*'s, This would keep you out of *Purgatory* for a long time upon easie Terms.

Fourthly, A *Pardon* for Thirty Three Thousand Years at a very low Rate, only for once going up a pair of Stairs, which, you must suppose, were the very same that Christ Ascended, when he appeard before *Pontius Pilate*. Here's *great Wages* for a *little Work*; and he's a Fool in Grain, that will not Purchase such a cheap Pardon for

so long a Time, provided he may have *general Warranty* for securing his Bargain till that Time be Expir'd; and much more of this Trash, *&c.*

Item, *Absolutions* of various Prices, according the Crime committed. As

First, For *Sacrilege*, Ten Shillings and Six Pence.

Secondly, For *Symony* in a *Priest* the same Price, but in a *Lay-Man* the odd Eighteen Pence shall be Baited. Kindly done.

Thirdly, For *Perjury*, 'tis a Rich Penny-worth at Nine Shillings.

Fourthly, For *Murder*, If it be a Priest that is Kill'd, it cannot be Dear at one [Two Pence] more than a *Mark*, I would never be a Priest there, where my Life is no higher Valued. But you may Kill your *Father*, *Mother*, *Wife* or *Sister*, &c. upon easier Terms, That shall but cost you Ten Shillings and Six Pence.

Fifthly, For *Adultery*, Deflouring a Virgin goes at Nine Shillings, but *Incest* with Mother, Sister, *&c.* is cheaper, passing at Seven Shillings and Six Pence. And the *Whore* that Destroys her Bastard Child either before or after Birth, hath the self same Sum to pay.

Sixthly, For *Burning a Neighbour's House* is Dog-cheap at Twelve Shillings; but for

Burning

Burning Heretical Cities, 'tis severely Punish'd with being *Canoniz'd for Saints*, &c.

Item, *Licenses* for what you List.

First, If you be a Priest you may keep a Whore, paying only Ten Shillings and Six Pence; and if a Lay-Man it will cost you no more; that the one may not Deride the other.

Secondly, A *License* to be Lazy, and to become an *Abby-Lubber*, and so to be *Inutile pondus Terræ*, Living there like Hogs in the *Stie*, unuseful to Mankind, unless to the *Wanton Nuns*.

Thirdly, A *License* to be Licentious, and to have the liberty of the Stews the Three Hot Months of the Year, there is the *Roman Recipe* prescrib'd (with Dr. Pope's *probatum est*) *ad purgandos Renes*. This *Grand Quack*, or great *Mountebank*, is Tender of his *Proselytes* Health, Allows this Remedy (which God never thought of, when he said, *'Tis not good for Man to be alone*, Gen. 3. 18.) to prevent his Popelings (under the *Vow of Chastity*) from falling into Acute Fevers, and to shew how good Natured he will be to them (Remembering it had been his own needful Priviledg and Practice) you may have these Two last Licenses (both to be *Lazy* and to

be *Licenticus*) *Gratis*. Gra-Mercy upon his Kind Heart, they ſhall not coſt you a Penny.

Fourthly, Yet a *Licenſe* to *Eat Fleſh in Lent*, will coſt you much more, for his Un-Holineſs Infallibly Judgeth this to be a far greater Sin *than to keep a Whore*. Yea, and many more *Indulgences*.

Item, Here you may have *Holy Water* Chymically prepared, *Secundum Artem Diabolicam*, for driving away the Devil; hence comes that Popiſh Proverb, to expreſs ſomething that is *Hateful*, [*A Man loves it as well as the Devil loves Holy Water.*] You muſt ſuppoſe, *that Water* which the Pope Conjures into the like *Holineſs* with his own, is able to Conjure away the ſtrongeſt Devil in Hell.

Item, You may have *Holy Oil*, compounded according to the ſame Art, only 'tis an *Arcanum* and *Magiſterial*. The Pope hath been ſo kind to let the World know how he makes his *Holy Water*, Piſſing it out by Conjuration; but *he* hath a mind to be *private* in Conſecrating his *Holy Oil*, and when he hath done his beſt to it, have a care you eat it not with a *Romiſh* Sallet, leaſt it be mix'd with *Jeſuits Powder*; however, 'tis good enough to Liquor your Boots after your long Journey to *Rome*.

No

No doubt but it serves notably as an Unguent for (far better than for *anointing the Sick* to make them well) the *Popes Charet Wheels*, makes them run glib in all Transmarine Countreys, and is now calling for a wast over into ours; do not you hear Him at *Callice*, Crying, *have over for* Dover, *have over for* England: God grant Him contrary Winds, but if the *Prince of the Air* must be permitted to lend Him a lift with a *Favonian* or Favourable Wind, God grant, this proud Mystical *Pharaoh* of *Spiritual Ægypt*, Rev. 11. 8. May meet with no better a *Fate* and *Fare*, than that *Litteral King of Ægypt did*; who, though for ought we know to the contrary, had as fair *way* and *weather* into the midst of the *Red Sea*, as *Israel* had, yet when Irrecoverably brought into an unavoidable Noose (which He could not Slip nor Retreat from) then *God looked out of the black* side of the Cloud (which was *towards His Host*, as the *bright side was toward* Israel) with an angry Countenance, took off His *Charet Wheels*, made them (though never so well Oyled with *His Priests Holy Oyl*) *drive Heavily*, then dows'd Him with a Witness, and drown'd Him (too) with a Vengeance, *Exod.* 14. 7. 20. 22, 23, 24, 25, *&c.* I cannot but be confident, that the Lord will look through this

black

black cloudy Dispensation, with a *look of Love* upon his own People (as he did upon *poor perplexed Peter*, Luke 22. 61.) and with a *look of Wrath* upon this great *Leviathan*, His *Holy Oyl* shall fall His *Chariot Wheels*, and they shall never become as the *Chariots* of *Aminnadab*, *England* cannot ever be a *willing People* to Receive Him:

Item, Here you may have His *Holy Salt* also, this is soundly *Conjur'd* likewise into as good an Holiness as that of His *Holy Water*, or as that of His *own Holiness*: and with this *Holy Stuff* the *Beast* works His Mighty Miracles and Wonders: What place soever hath this *Holy Salt* scattered upon it, neither the *Devil* nor any of his *evil Spirits* have any power against it: 'Tis a wonder there should be so many Houses, Haunted with Hobgoblins all over His *Holinesses Dominions*, Surely, either His *Holy Salt* hath lost its efficatious Vertue, or *Himself* hath lost the Right Art to Consecrate it, or more likely, the Devil is in His Priests that they Improve it not. 'Tis a wonder this *old Sophister* doth not dash whole handfuls of this *Holy Salt* in the Eyes of those Raw *Freshmen* (those *Novices* as he calls the *Protestants*) and so to blind them for ever. But though this will not do (*His Holy Salt* having lost its Efficacy) He hath a better Trick behind

far more Bloudy, He would *Bleed* and *Burn* those He cannot *Blind*: If His *Holy Salt have lost its Savour* (as indeed it hath,) otherwise there could never have been so much Carrion, for want of Seasoning, both among Popes and His Popelings) what is it good to, but to be *cast to the Dunghil*, and to be *Troden Underfoot*? Matth. 5. 13. *England* is as the *Garden of Eden*, never any *Pope* that passed through the *Porphury Chair* (ever since the *Writ of Ejectment* was by an Almighty Hand Served upon Him to dispossess that Devil in the Reformation) but He hath lick'd his Lips, and longed after some sweet Lettuces, that Grow in this *English Garden*, God grant it may be, as the Law calls that Writ, an *Ejectione Firmæ*: that this *evil Spirit* (once cast out) may not find the *House* of our Land (which, God knows is now neither *Swept* of Moral Vices, nor *Garnished* with Moral Vertues, but too much overspread with Epidemical Immortality) *empty* also of all Grace, and so Return with *Seven worse Spirits than the former*, Matth. 12. 43, 44, 45. I would to God, *England* were not so much like *Jericho*, *whose Situation was pleasant, but the Waters were naughty*: Our fresh River of *Thames* seems to Run so near the salt Waters of *Tybur* (ever since the *Beast fouled our Fountains with his Feet*,

Ezek.

Ezek. 34, 18.) that they taſt a little *Brackiſh* and ſomewhat Imbib'd with the *Salt-Sea of Rome*, 'Tis too much Tinged with the *Tincture* of its *Holy Salt*, Oh where is that *Eliſha*, that will take a Cruſe of *better Salt* (than this *Popes Holy Salt* is) happily to hand in, that our *Waters may be Healed*, &c. 2 Kings 2. 19, 20, 21.

Item, Here is expoſed to Sale the *Holy Milk* of the *Virgin Mary*, which, ſome of the Popes Doctours affirm, is as Sovereign and Salvifical as the Bloud of her Son our Saviour. However, 'Tis commended moſt Highly for never-failing to cure Conſumptions, far exceeding the Milk of an *Aſſe*, or that of the *Red-Cow*. What Fools are the Conſumptive and Phtiſical Popelings, that have ſuch a Ready Cure by them, yet ſo many dye of a *Conſumption*, which is ſo *Ranting* and *Regnant* a Diſeaſe in thoſe *Hot Climates*: Nay, What a Fool is the Conſumptive *Pope* or *Antichriſt* himſelf, who doth not by this truſty trick diſapoint the Divine Doom paſſed upon him, what need he Fear [*that the Lord ſhall* CONSUME *Him with the Spirit of his Mouth.*] 2 Theſſ. 2. 8. Seeing an Hearty Draught of this *Holy Milk* will cure the Conſumption: This Pope might then ſay as one of his Holy Predeceſſours once ſaid, I will have my Will [*Al deſpito di dio*] in Deſpight

ſpight of God; But the miſchief is, neither the Pope nor his Popelings dare take a ſufficient Doſe of this Salutiferous Antidote, for fear of marring the General Market hereof, 'tis a long time ſince the Bleſſed Virgin gave her Milk, and they can expect none in her Glorified Breaſts, the *old Stock* (ſuppoſe every one take but a little ſup, though that is not enough) muſt needs be far ſpent in above Sixteen Hundred Years, and where or how theſe Traders make their *old Store* bring in *new*, I know not, unleſs that *Image* of the Virgin (which bid *Bernard Good Morrow* at his entrance into the Church, and whom that Father Rebuked, becauſe She a Woman, took upon her (contrary to the Truly Apoſtolical Canon) to ſpeak in the Church, might ſupply, for that Idol of Stone might equally and as Probably have *Milk in its Breaſt* as well as a *Voice in its Mouth*: But that which ſpoil'd the expectation of this freſh ſupply of *Holy Milk*, was the Diſcovery of a crafty Prieſt that was crept into the Hollow Belly of this Holy Image, and that gave Holy *Bernard* the Hearty Salutation, and ſure I am, there could not be much *Holy Milk* in ſuch a Profligate Prieſts Breaſt, who durſt put ſuch an affronting Cheat upon ſo Holy a Father. But ſuppoſe there were ſupply then, 'tis

above

above 500 Years ago, and this cry [*will ye have any holy Milk*, &c.] that Milk-street Market muſt needs be down ere now, ſeeing all their *Milk-Maids* (whereof they cannot have many, while the Indulged Stews afford his Unholineſs ſuch a vaſt Revenue) are now ſurely ſitting upon their Empty Pales: But I had forgot my ſelf that the Beaſt can work Wonders, and can multiply that *Holy Milk* (though but little from the Bleſſed Virgin) as well as Chriſt did the *Barly Loaves*; Yea, He hath done it to ſuch an overflow, that the Prieſts (all the Popedom over) do expoſe this *Holy Milk* to Sale, all pretending that theirs is the very Milk of the *Virgin Mary*, which, were all they have in their Conſecrated Dairys gathered together into one place, *Solomons* prodigious *Molten* Sea could not poſſibly contain it. Nay, hereby they put the greateſt Diſhonour upon the Holy Mother of our Lord (whom they pretend to Adore) in making Her ſuch a *Milk-Beaſt*, as *Ten* of the beſt Cows in *Holland* cannot give the like quantity in Ten Years.

Item, *Holy-Bread* is here to be had: The Pope (good Man) takes care for your Table, and to furniſh it ſo far as *Holy Water*, *Holy Oyl*, *Holy Salt*, *Holy Milk*, and *Holy Bread* will go: But ſurely all theſe do but look

look like a Lent Dinner, I hope his Holiness keeps a better Table for Himself: If you be a *Water Drinker*, here's the best of the Kind, *Holy Water* for you, of the Popes own *making*, I should have said, *Consecrating*: If you be a *Milk-Sop*, Here's the best of the Kind, Holy *Milk*, the self same your Saviour Sucked out of the self-same Breasts, when he was a Child, and who will not be content with the same Fare that Bred the Blessed Babe of *Bethlehem*, the *Holy Child Jesus*, and because the *Master* of this *Lent-Feast*, will not undervalue you as a sort of sorry Sucklings, He is so *Kind-hearted* as to allow you *Bread* to your *Milk*, that you may *sup* it and not *suck* it, is not *biting* and *supping* good Fare? especially, of *Holy Bread* and *Holy Milk*. You must not expect a Glass of Wine, for I find not any *Holy Wine* in the *Popes Ware-shop*. Perhaps he and his *Priests* Monopolizes it wholly to themselves, for in the Eucharist, the Cup is forbid to you of the Laity, you must suck *Wine* out of the *Bread*, if you would have it, and can catch it.

Neither must you grudge that you have onely Bread (though it be but course Barley Bread, such as you were never possibly brought up with) 'tis however *Holy Bread*, and the *Holier*, and so more satisfactory, because

becauſe (as this *Mart-Maſter* tells you) 'tis a *Fragment* of thoſe ſame *Five Loaves* wherewith *Chriſt fed the Multitude*, and picked out of the Twelve Baskets (*that were taken away*) by ſome of the Popes nimbleſt Snips, but I wonder how they have kept it from Moulding ever ſince, The *Moulded Bread* wherewith the *Gibeonites* cheated *Joſhua*, was not ſo many *Hours* old, as this *Holy Bread* is *Years*, at this Day. If it be *Sound Bread* that is ſhewn you, take heed you be not cheated with it, as *Joſhua* was with the *Mouldy*: But you will ſay, why is *Holy Salt* prepared for the Table, when the forementioned Fare needs it not? *Anſwer*, You muſt know 'tis not ſet there for Faſhion-ſake onely, as ordinarily, for

Item, Here you may have *Holy Fiſh* too, and of the ſelf-ſame *two Fiſhes* wherewith Chriſt Fed the Multitude alſo, the *Bread* and the *Fiſh* were taken out of the ſame Baskets; and if you ſuppoſe it *Freſh Fiſh*, then there is uſe for your Salt, but to prevent your Second Objection about the uſe of your *Oyl*, you muſt rather ſuppoſe it *Holy Fiſh* Salted with that *Holy Salt*, (it could never have otherwiſe kept ſo long ſweet for this Sixteen Centuries) and then your *Holy Oyl* will make your *Holy Fiſh* (ſo called) ſlip down the better, and be mo-

diſh

dish enough, and what would you have more, is not here enough for a *Four Penny Ordinary*?

Item, Besides this Belly-Timber, here you are Treated with a Numberless Number of *Rarieties*. As

First, The *Asses* Tail upon which Christ Rode; not a word of his *Ears*.

Secondly, *Josephs Breeches* both Thread-bare and out of Fashion, they will do you neither Credit nor Service.

Thirdly, A Feather from the Cock that Crew, and awaken'd *Peters* Conscience; yet this Startles not *Peters* Successor for his Apostacy; as also a Feather from *Gabriels* Wing, taken up at such a time when as Angels cast their Feathers.

Fourthly, Choice Hair Cloth, the same as *Elijah* and *John Baptist* wore, good enough for the Pope to do Penance in, for forcing the Witnesses into Sack-Cloth.

Sixthly, Whole Cart Loads of *Apostles Bones*, sometimes those of a Thief (as once) drops in among them; good for I know not what.

Item, Sold at a very Reasonable Rate,

First, An Holy Rag clip'd off from Christs Seamless Coat; 'tis a wonder how the Pope got it from the Soldier to whom it fell by casting Lots, and 'tis a wonder they

have not clip'd it all away by this time.

Secondly, The Holy Relick of the very *Slippers* Christ wore, when He, being weary with *walking about doing Good*, put off his Shoes, for the ease of his Feet, surely they were made of well Tan'd Leather, that lasts still, and are not Rotten to Dirt ere this Day, and I wonder the Pope doth expose them, and not Monopolize them to himself, for they cannot want a Vertue to Cure his Goury Galls: 'Tis strange we hear nothing of his Shooes (in the Popes Warehouse) the Latchets whereof, *John Baptist* (though the *Greatest Born of Women*) thought himself Unworthy to Unloose, *Matth* 11. 11. *Luke* 3. 16.

Thirdly, The very *Linnen Cloth* with which *Christ* was wrap'd in the Sepulchre, as likewise that wherewith Christ wiped his Disciples Feet. I am thinking the Man that Cries in our Streets, [*Here's your strong lasting Linnen Cloth,*] might do good Service in this *Romish* Market.

Fourthly, The very *Needles*, *Thread*, *Work-Basket* and *Scissers*, of the *Virgin Mary*, which would be excellently useful for an Exchange-shop, and could not fail to bring in a whole shoal of Chapmen, *&c.* How the Pope comes by all these Rich Commodities

dities for all kind of Customers, is the Question? But the Infallible Tradition of the Church must be the Satisfactory and Silencing Answer.

Item, Lastly, Here you may have, whatever your Heart wishes, or Need doth Require. Is it any of those many things mentioned in *Revel.* 18. 12, 13. Rich all, here they are to be had. Want you *Holy Bells* (Baptized with God-Fathers and God-Mothers) God Bless our Empty New Erected Steeples, *&c.* Or want you *Holy Beads*, made of *Glass*, *Wood*, *Stone*, *Coral* or *Amber*; *Holy Wax* for your Candles; *Holy Knives* for Cutting Hereticks Throats; or *Holy Roses*, this *Christmas* time, a Rare *Present* for *Princes*; or what else soever, all is Holy that comes from his Unholiness; and all have a Power to drive away the Devil, yet the Devil takes most of those that are taken with these [*Piæ Fraudes*] *Holy Cheats*. None of their *Names are Writ in the Lambs Book*, Revel. 13. 8. God Bless every good *Englishman* from the *Beast* and his Cheating Tricks.

Having taken a short prospect of the *Craft* of this *Insatiable Beast* (to keep close still unto the *Irish Malachi's* Character of this *present Pope*) let us now take a brief View of his *Cruelty*. He is a most Accom-

pliſh'd *Beaſt*, his *Infallible Unholineſs* is Deſcribed by an Infallible Hand (the Spirit of Truth himſelf) in his moſt Horrible Accoutrements, no leſs than *Seven Heads to Plot with*, for the more *craftly* carrying on of all his *Gainful Cheats*, and no leſs than *Ten Horns* to *puſh his Plots endway with*, and to puſh all down (that ſtand in his way) with *Unparralel'd Cruelty*. To prerermit all former Bloudy Plots in foregoing Ages of this preſent Popes Predeceſſors, againſt all Proteſtant Countries, ever ſince the Reformation, and againſt *England* in particular, both in *Queen Elizabeth's*, *King James's*, and in *King Charles's* the Firſt's Time. I ſhall confine my ſelf to Characterize this *Inſatiable Beaſt*, the *Devils Patriarch*, that now Poſſeſſeth the *Roman Omnipotency*.

His Name is *Innocent* the *Eleventh*, who after his Inſtalment, was Arrayed with a White *Surplice*, wherein he Worſhip'd that God which had now Conſtituted him the *Univerſal* Monarch; in this White Garment he ſeem'd as pure as *Innocence* it ſelf, there was nothing ſurely under it, but *Meekneſs*, *Gentleneſs*, and Lamb-like *Innocency*. You might then ſtroke the *Beaſt*, *He* would not ſpurn you, you might put your Hand into his very Mouth, *He* by no means would Bite you. No, *He* had newly put

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on the Name of *Innocent*, and He was (what ever he had been while a *Cardinal*) now become an *Innocent Pope*, a Toothless *Innocent* Milk-Sop, that would neither Kick, nor Fling, nor Scratch, nor Bite; but the mischief was, *He* soon after going to his Court-Office, *De propagandâ Fide* to a *Consult* there, coming thither without his White Garment (that Reach'd down to his Foot) His *Red Shoes*, and *Red Stockins*, were there Unhappily Discovered. At that *Consult He* Declar'd his Determinations, That he Resolv'd (*Adjuvante Diabolo*) to Reduce all the Heretical Countreys in *Europe* into the Subjection of His *Roman See*; and He said (for a flying Argument) 'twas below *both* his *Higness* and his *Holiness* to prove such a poor Puny, as his Predecessors, in playing such small Games as they had done; He would (for his part) *Take New Measures*, and *Make such Methods*, as neither *God* nor *Devil* could be able to Disapoint him of his Design. Whereupon for the better *Propogation of his Popish Faith*, He *proposeth* these following Expedients, and not only so, but *Imposeth* them also upon that his *Privy-Council*, who dare not gain-say their God.

The *First Proposal Imposed*, was this, *Go forth* you my *Emissaries*, and Debauch the Heretical Countreys, Foist your *Loose Prin-*

ciples, (Calculated for, and Accomodated to, the Depraved Natures of Mankind in general) this will ſoon bring Men to *Looſe Practices*; 'Tis found by Experience (ſaith He in great Gravity, comporting with his *Grandeur*) a *Proſperous Bait* to Catch, and a *Powerful Hook* to Hold whole Shoals of Proſelites. I am a *Fiſher of Men*, as my Predeceſſor *Peter* was, yet I have a Trick, which He (ſimple Fiſher-man) never thought of, or Practic'd; I can make Men *Atheiſts* in their Lives, and then they will turn *Papiſts* the ſooner, for ſtopping the Mouths of their Natural Conſciences (which will be Barking) the better with my precious Pardons, whereby I can make the worſt of Sins Venial, *&c.*

The *Second Expedient* propounded by this Pope there was this, You *Jeſuits* muſt be my *Locuſts*, my *Beutefeaus* to go into the Courts of all theſe Kingdomes, and ſet them all on a light Fire (in Warring one againſt another) that my Religion (which hath grown very cold ever ſince Unhappy *Luther* call'd the *Pope*, *Antichriſt*) may be warmed again with thoſe very *Flames* that I (by you my Engines) have kindled. You know, *Chriſt* hath made me a *Fiſher of Men*, as before, and I find it beſt Fiſhing in *Troubled Waters*. Nay, I am the true *Salamander*, that can beſt

live

live in the Flames, of Foreign and Secular Princes Contentions, *&c.*

The *Third Propoſal* was, to *Depoſe thoſe Kings that will not Truckle*, and to *Expoſe* their Kingdomes, *primo occupaturo*, the firſt that can win it, let them wear it, I will warrant the Aſſault of the Aggreſſor, *&c.*

The Fourth nimble Trick he Propoſed was, ſaying, Though I have a Thauſand more Reaching and Effectual Knacks to offer, yet ſeeing you know them all ſo well, 'tis ſuperfluous to mention more, ſave onely this, which is, *Inſtar Omnium.* You muſt in Reducing all others, Begin with that *Stubborn Kingdome of England*, which hath been more fatal to my Tripple Crown than all other Kingdomes, and when you have made a *Breakfaſt* of that, then make your *Dinner* of this, *&c.* and your *Supper* of that, *&c.* and ſo *go on* and my *Bleſſing go with you.*

Thus ended the *Seraphical* or rather *Diabolical* Oration of this *Innocent* Grave old Gentleman that never did, nor ever will do Harm to any.

This done, the Damnable Popiſh Plot was in all its Parts and Paragraphs contrived, &c. The Romiſh Fry of *Prieſts and Jeſuits*, (who were ſoon Hatch'd and grew Fledge under his Holineſs's Wing) came Flying over in

great Wild-goose Flocks into *England*, we may suppose they came fully furnished with their *Pick-locks* of *Pardons*, with their *Padlocks* of *Auricular Confession*, and all other useful Engines to promote their Hellish *Project*, the Sum whereof in the general was, to Subvert the Establish'd Government and Religion of this Kingdom, and to Reduce the same to the *Foppery* of *Popery*, yea, and 'twas concluded at the Consult (which these Romish Emissaries came to Accomplish) that no manner of Tolleration should be granted to any sort of Protestants, but all such should be Extirpated *Root & Branch*, and if all other means failed, it should be effected by *Fire and Sword*.

The cheif Conspirators, who designed, and were engaged to carry on this Bloudy project, must be thus Ranked in a lasting Record.

☞ *First*, The Fountain of these Bitter Waters, and Original of all, was this *Present Pope Innocent* the 11th, who in the Congregation [*de propaganda Fide*] consisting of about 350 Persons, (all fit Tools for the Devils Work) and held about *December* 1677. as soon as he was well warm in *Peter's* Chair, He Plots (even in that cold Season) work Hot enough for poor *England*: Then was it He belcht out that *nocent* rather than *Innocent*

cent Oration aforementioned, Declaring further, that this Kingdome was a part of St. *Peters Patrimony*, and was forfeited to the Holy See, by the Heresy both of *Prince* and *People*, and so must be disposed of as he thought meet: though this *Pope* was the *primus motor*, the *primum mobile*, or great Wheel that moved all the lower Orbs, and set all the lesser Wheels on Work, yet let us take a short view of his Under-Engines, before we more fully give him his due Character, upon this *last* (which at the *last day* will be a great) *Account* also, to wit, his *Plots*, as before, his *Cheats*, in the one a *crafty Fox*, in the other a *cruel Tyger*, and surely whoever were the Instruments, the Members, the Hands and the Feet for Acting this Bloudy Plot, to Reduce *England* to the Roman Rotten Religion, we shall find *Him* the Head and Principal Agent. My Design is here to set the Saddle upon the Right Horse: 'Tis a Thousand pities, that the *petty larceners* should *be Hang'd* and *Beheaded*, (though that be no more than what both *Distributive* and *Commutative Justice* most Justly Required) and the grand Thief (that set them all on work) escape Scot-free. How many did pity those poor mercenary Rogues that were Executed for that Inhumane and Cowardly Murther of that Eminent

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nent Patriot *Esquire Thinn*, when they saw *Count Comismark*, the great Rogue, (that set his silly Vassals on Work) to be acquitted. but there is a [δικη] a *Vengeance* (even in the Judgment of no better than *Barbarians*, Act. 28. 4.) *which will not suffer* either the *one* or the *other long to live*; because the *God of Justice* hath peremptorily said, that the *Bloudy* and *Deceitful Men shall not live out half their days*, Psal. 55. 23.

Take here a Distinct List and Catalogue of the *chief* Plotters in this Late and Damnable Plot, and View them from Head to Foot, from *Top to Toe*, as they stand Ranked in our English Records, and Orderly Registred for everlasting Remembrance.

First, This *Present Pope Innocent the Eleventh*, the *Master of all the Misrule* and *Matchless Mischief*: as the Philosopher saith of *Finis*, 'tis *primus Intentione*, but *ultimus Executione*; So must I say of this *Fine Filth*, He is the *first in Intention*, (his Gursed Character being the principal end proposed in this present Discourse) yet must He come *last in Execution*, not onely in the *Method* of this *Platform*, but also (for ought I yet see) in the *Measures* of Gods *Providence*: For the *Law of Justice* (compared to the Cobweb that catches the lesser Flyes, but cannot keep the great ones, *&c.*) is too

Low

Low and Short Handed (as to Man) to Reach so High and so Far as the *Great Goff of Rome*, Yet surely *in due Season His Sin shall find him out* by the great God, *Numb.* 32. 23. unto whom we must leave Him, for He is the *God of Vengeance*, *Justice is His*, and *He will Repay*, Deut. 32. 35. 43. Rom. 12. 19.

Secondly, *Cardinal Howard*, by Birth both an *English Man*, and *Brother* to the Great *Duke of Norfolk*; So one of the Popes first and fittest Engines to Betray *England* into His *Holinesses* Hands, that thereby this *Cardinal* might the more Merit Saint *Peters Chair* upon this Popes Departure from it, and then this Sweet Bit (our Land) would prove a Sowceing Augmentation to *Peters Patrimony*: Therefore, as the Pope was *Lord High Admiral* in the whole *See* of *Rome*; So, it was concluded by the *Cabal* in the Colledg *de propaganda fide*, that this same *English Cardinal*, should be his *Vice Admiral*, and hereupon He was dispatch'd away from *Rome* to be the *Popes Legatus a Latere*, or a *None Such Nuncio* into *England*, upon such an unparalleld Errand, as never any *Embassadour* durst undertake, which was to take possession of *it* in this Popes Name, as if it had been elaps'd into his Hands for want of either Heir or Possessour, though

Blessed

Blessed be God it hath both, and needs none of the *Popes false Claims*, or *foul usurpations*: and to make this Cardinal more brisk in his exploit, the Pope Creates Him *Arch-Bishop of Canterbury* (as if *there* had been a Vacancy too) and, that *Sees Vast Revenue* being look'd upon as too little a Bribe for so Heroick an undertaker, the *Pope* ordains Him Forty Thousand Crowns *per Annum* out of His own Coffers (where there is *Gold and Silver enough*, &c. Rev. 18. 12, 13.) as a necessary supplement to that pitiful Arch-Bishoprick (the Best and Richest in *England*) that He might be had in more Veneration, and the better Support His Authoritative Grandieur: And as if this alone were below this *Innocent Harmless Pope* (like another *proud Haman*) to lay His Violent Hands onely upon our *Mordecai* (the *Bishop of Canterbury*, as well as *King Charles the Second*) to Dispossess them both of their *Crown* and *Miter*, but He daringly Dispossesseth (so far as the good will of the evil Beast would stretch) most of our other *Bishops*, promoting His own Popelings as so many *Interlopers* in their places, as Father *Perrot* to *York*, *Corker* to *London*, *Whitebread* to *Winchester*, *Strange* to *Durham*: *Godden* to *Salisbury*, *Napper* to *Norwich*, &c. I appeal to all those Bishops (whom this Pope would

would have *turned out* to Grazing, unleſs they could have *turned in* to Him) whether His *Name* and His *Nature* do correſpond well herein, and whether they would not have had hereupon far greater Reaſon to brand Him (as in Scripture, *this is King Ahaz*.) ſaying likewiſe, this is *Pope Nocent*, rather than *Pope Innocent* the *Eleventh*: All muſt Truckle to *Cardinal Howard* His Nuncio.

Thirdly, *Johannes Paulus de Oliva*, comes in next to play his pranks, and as He had been the Father *General of the Jeſuits* in all Lands, ſo this Pope Conſtitutes *Him* his *Rere-Admiral*, to *Man*, and to Manage a right *Romes* Great *Man of War*, the *Provincial* of the *Jeſuits* in *London*, in ſo noble an Attack: but is Attacking in a Military manner, proper Work for an *Olivas*, whoſe Name carries an *Olive Leaf* (that Badg of Peace) in its Mouth, but it ſeems, He will be like his Great Maſter, *Pope Nocent-Innocent*, there is *War in his Heart*. Which minds me of a Story concerning the foregoing *Pope Innocent the Tenth*, who bare for part of his Arms [*a Dove with an Olive Branch in her Mouth*]. Whereupon our Turn Coat and Runagate *Doctor Baily* wittily Quibbles upon *Oliva vera*, profoundly perverting it to *Oliverus*, and highly Courted that Protector with

with his Seraphick Compariſon of the *Olive* and *Oliver*. See his Life of *Fiſher*, p.260,261. 'Tis the genuine Character of a *Jeſuit* to have *Honey* (or the *Olive of Peace*) in *his Mouth*, and to have deſigned (yea Conſecrated) Swords and Daggers in his Heart. Oh *brave Olive*, Oh *brave Oliver*, the handle of the Sword that ſhould have been Sheath'd in our Bowels, Reached to *Rome*, and was held in this Brave *Olivas* Hand.

Fourthly, *Pedro Jeronimo de Corduba*, Provincial of the Jeſuits in *New-Caſtle* in *Spain*, the Pope muſt have here a *Paul* (as His Third Engine) and a *Peter* (as this Fourth) engaged with Himſelf herein, though both *Jeſuits* (without whom no Miſchief in all *Europe* can be managed, the *Hand of Joab* or *Jeſuite* is in all) to make this *Damnable* and *Diabolical Plot* more like *Apoſtolical*: That Work which this Pope cut out for him, was to be a *Grand Pilot* in his Countrey, and to give the Plot a lift endways, both with *Money* and *Men*, under the notion of Pilgrims: and where *this* Popiſh *Pedro* or *Peter* plaid his pranks like a right Beautifeu to Sow his Seed of Contention betwixt that Crown and this, thereby the more to facilitate the further Progreſs of the Plot.

Fifthly, *La Chefe* a *Jeſuit* too, and Confeſſor to the *French King* (and ſo muſt be Privy

Privy to all his Royal Designs) *He* was also a *Grand Pilot* in that Countrey, whose hands were directed to Steer a right Course herein, by that conceited Coxcomb, our *Coleman*, who was hang'd for his pains in Betraying his own Native Countrey.

Sixthly, Another Jesuite (I have not his Name, and indeed 'tis not worth enquiry) who is Confessour to the *Emperour* of *Germany*, must Create Fends betwixt *Him* and our King: That, with all these pretty Diversions, we might be wheadled into a Gazing abroad, while they by their *English Jesuits*, &c. could cut our Throats at Home: Mark here, what a Sacred Number is Six, with them there must be Six of Forreign Assistants (the Number of the Beast is Three Sixes as before) and still *Jesuits* every where must be the *Instruments* of Cruelty, though the Pope be the hand to Improve them: I the less wonder at this, since I Read that passage in the Jesuit *Maffeius*, writing the Life of *Ignatius Loyala* their Founder, He there Ingeniously confesseth, that their *Father Imitated the Devil in using Tricks to Convert* (or rather *Pervert*) *Disciples*, &c. You may Swear, that all the *Jesuits* do *Patrizare* and will *Try* the *Devils Tricks* with the best of *Juglers*, &c.

But

But are our Jesuits in *England* asleep all this while? No, the Pope hath *Domestick* Tools as well as *Forreign*.

This Popes Domestick Engines employed here, were These

First, The *Provincial of the Jesuits*, for the Time being in *England*, who was *White-Bread*, who would have made Brownbread and Bran of us, but he *fell into his own Pit*, &c.

Secondly, The *Benedictine Monks* at the *Savoy*. The Duke of *Savoy*'s Country was called *Malvoy*, because it was pestered so notoriously with Theeves as made it *Mala Via* or *Malvoy*, that is, a *Dangerous Passage*, but when the Thieves were Rooted out, its Name was changed into *Salvoy* or *Savoy*, the way thence to *Somerset-house*, makes the Application more easie.

Thirdly, The *Jesuits* and *Seminary Priests*, who were Sowing their *Tares among* the Wheat (like the *Envious one* their Father) all over the Land, they being about the Number of *Eighteen Hundred*, a large black Regiment under Roman Colours.

Fourthly, Many *Lay-Papists both of the Nobility* and *Gentry* (too well known to need naming) who had all Commissions Sealed by Brave *Oliver* aforementioned, both for Civil and Military Employ, and sent them

by

by *this Pope*, as the Highest Marks of his Favour.

Fifthly, *Multitudes*; *Multitudes of the Lay-Papists* among the *Commonalty*. Even all the Papists in *England* could not chuse but be Engaged in so Glorious and Meritorious a Matter; and this is the more probable, If not only their General Principles Imbibed with their Religion, but also the Popes particular Test (for Anathematizing us Hereticks) Imposed Universally on them, be but well considered.

Sixthly, For still we must have the Six in Adoration of Six Hundred Sixty Six, *&c. All the English Covents beyond Sea*, (as St. *Omers*, &c.) must be almost drain'd Dry, and Transported *Incognito's* hither, to Corroberate the better carrying on of the Catholick Cause, which was now become as Catholick as their *Religion*, having likewise all the most Eminent of the Popish Clergy in *Europe* Engaged to help at a Dead Lift, and to Lift *England* to *Rome*. Hereby this Plot became the Unanimous Act of the whole *Romish* Church, whose *Infallible* and *Innocent* Head (this Pope) Adjur'd them to it, upon the forfeiture of their Fathers Blessing. Though we may not Imagine every Individual Popeling could know the whole Intrigue (for there might be a

Wheel within a Wheel) yet in the Lump they pay to this Pope their *Blind Obedience*, however the Guilt both of the parts, and of the whole, falls upon the *Innocent* Conſcience of this Pope, which all his *Holy Water* cannot waſh off, and make him as *Innocent* as his Name, ſhould he Conjure *Tibur* it ſelf.

Now when His Holineſs had thus well furniſhed his Holy Cauſe with *Men* (a double Set of Sixes, a *Jury* of Twelve, I cannot ſay, *All Good Men and True*, No, not ſo much as the *Foreman himſelf*) His next Care is to be ſupply'd with *Money*, the *Sinews* of His *Holy War*, and though his own private Exchequer be *Purſus In exhauſtus* (as he once ſaid of *England*, when it was his *Aſs* to Ride on, and therefore would fain beſtride her ſoft Back again,) an *Inexhauſtible Fountain*, yet the Old Crafty Fox liked better to get ſome Bearers, well knowing that many Hands make lighter Work. Hereupon by his *Apoſtolical Command*, as well as *Example*. A Vaſt and Prodigious *Fund* was quickly Erected for ſo Great and Pious a Work.

Firſt, The *Pope himſelf*, to be a good Pattern to others, conveys into his Sacred Treaſury by *Paulus de Oliva*, or *Paul Olive*, *Eleven Thouſand Crowns*, I wonder He made it not

not even *Twelve*, and the *Crowns*, *Pounds*; His own full Coffers *Revel.* 18. 12. might well enough have born it besides; the Regaining of *England* to His Revenue would well enough have Countervail'd that Cost.

Secondly, The *Catholick King* (His Eldest Son) of *Spain* shames his *Holy Father*, in Advancing Ten Thousand Pounds by *Peter Feronimus*; thus his *Indian* Gold was Expended.

Thirdly, His *Most Christian Son of France* (to shew himself the better *Christian*, or rather *Antichristian*,) Advanceth Ten Thousand Pound more by Father *Le Chese*, what a shame it is, that His Holiness should be out done by both his Sons, when it was peculiarly His Cause, and He would have Run away with the Profit.

Fourthly, I wonder we hear nothing of the *Emperors Charity*, was it because he was too *Nigardly*, or because the *Male-Contents* of *Hungary* kept his Coffers Empty; however, divers considerable Sums were transmitted to *Coleman* by Foreign Ministers, among whom, *He* from *Germany* might be one.

Fifthly, But the *English Jesuits* (supposing the *Emperor* to be too *Narrow Soul'd*,) *Ex Abundanti*, supply'd all Defects, they having

having Three-score Thousand Pound *per Annum*, Estate in Land here, and an Hundred Thousand Pound Ready Cash, a constant Running Stock in the way of their *Trade*, which (you know) is the *Mystery of Iniquity*.

Sixthly, The *Benedictine Monks* (not to be thrust out as Rotten) contribute out of their Blessed Treasure, Six Thousand Pound to purchase the Popes *Benediction*, whom *they* also exceeded in their Benevolence, *&c.*

Seventhly, God Bless us, here's the Third Six again, and so we have got the *exact Number of the Beast*, Six, and Six, and Six, or Six Hundred Sixty Six, and to make up this Number compleat, the *English Catholick* (as well as *Roman*) *Grandees* were free Contributors of most *Ample Benevolencies* to this so Great and so Glorious a Work.

No sooner had this *Innocent* Pope thus provided Himself (though He as to his part, comes off but *Stingily*) with *quantum sufficit* (or rather *suffocat*, as to Justice *Godfrey*) both of *Men* and *Money*: He then sends forth His hungry *Beagles* to Hunt the *harmless Hare*, that never gave them the least provocation: but He *must* do it, 'tis the *nature* of the *Beast* to worry the Harmless, and 'tis the *custome* (which is a second nature) of this *Innocent Pope* to be notoriously *Nocent* to the *Innocent*. The

The *First Innocent*, He Assaults with his greedy Hounds, is no less than *our King* (God Bless Him) *Grove* and *Pickering* are hired to shoot Him, *Conyers* and *Anderton* to stab Him, *four Irish Ruffians* to *Godfrey* Him, Sir *George Wakeman* to poyson Him; *Out of the way with Him, any way* (they cry) since He will not *comply with our Plot*.

Secondly, The *Duke of York* shall fare no better, unless He will turn Tenant to this *Innocent* Pope for his *Kingdom*, as well as for his *Religion*; and pardon the Murtherers of his Brother, the Burners of the City, *&c.* and the Massacrers of the People, *&c.*

Thirdly, Because their Horrid and Hellish Plot had taken *Wind* by *Doctor Oats*'s Depositions given in to *Justice Godfrey* (whereby their Bloudy Designs, both of Murdering the *King* and the *Duke of York* too, If he would not comply, and upon His *Majesties Murther*, of Firing *Westminster*, *Wapping*, *Rotherith* and *Southwark*, as they had done *London*, and to lay all upon the *Presbyterians*, &c. as likewise of making a *General Massacre* at the same time by a secret listed Army of Five Hundred Thousand Cut-Throats, whereof the Lord *Bellasis* was to be General, *&c.* were all Discovered) this *good Magistrate* must have his Mouth stoped from telling Tales, *&c.* wherein the Pope

ſucceeded ſo far as to make this Man the *Firſt Martyr of our Religion, and a fair Ranſom of our Realm.*

The like was Attempted upon *Juſtice Arnold*, though no other Crime was found in either, ſave a faithful Diſcharge of their Oath and Duty. Nor againſt *Juſtice Pye* neither, yet *Bodnam* the Papiſt prevail'd to knock down his *Clay-Cruſt* with his Bill, whereby this *good Pye* (a ſerviceable Diſh in *Hereford-ſhire*) was Deſtroyed.

Fourthly, The *Popes Agents* (being now Fleſh'd in Proteſtants Bloud, yet unable to *ſtifle the Plot*, when it once was Declared by both Houſes of Parliament that there was a Traiterous Deſign of the Pope to Subject this Kingdom to his Tyrannical Government, by theſe Five pernicious Lords in the *Tower*, whereof *Stafford* lately Executed was, &c.) do their club their Wits, not onely with this *Pope* (the Devils Eldeſt Son) but even with the *Devil* himſelf, how they might handſomly *Sham* it, and this they labour in the very Fire to Accompliſh.

Fifthly, Then began they to play their Popiſh pranks in *Blaſting* the *Kings Evidence*, Sir *Dennis Aſhburnham*, the Saint *Omers Boys*, are brought in to Accuſe *Doctor Oats* of *Perjury*, as *Lane and Osborn* did of *Sodomy*, the like *pranks againſt Prance, Bedloe, Dug-*

dale,

dale, &c. but their Bowl Runs not here without a Rub for their Deſign of Subborning *Alderman Brook* and Captain *Bury*, being Diſcovered, this Diſcover'd alſo that all the aforeſaid Tools were but the *Popes* or the *Devils* Trunks through which he ſpake, as he uſed to do in his *Dumb Images*, which the Father of Lyes taught to ſay what he liſted, yet muſt be his *Oracles*.

Sixtbly, They, being Non-plus'd herein alſo by the Over-ruling Hand of God, begin new Methods by the Popes Advice (and indeed, what ſhould direct Hands and Feet but the Head) then thought of ſhifting the Plot from their own ſhoulders by Forging ſeveral *Sham-Plots*, all to be Fathered upon the Proteſtants: thus at a pinch they are *Ingenioſe nequam*, wickedly witty.

Heu quantum ſubitis caſibus Ingenium.

Yet this was but to new Vamp a pair of their old Boots, for that Impious Pope *Pius* the Fifth, taught his Popiſh Prieſts, that when they had by the Powder Plot blown up the King (*James*) Lords and Commons, to Father that filthy Fact upon the *Puritans*: the Father of Lyes is put hard to his Trumps, when he is ſo low Run,

that he hath no new Tricks in his Tinkers Budger to ſtop holes with, but is forced to bring forth his old Ballood Stratagems. However He is Reſolved to drive this Tinkers nail (new pointed) ſo far as it would go with his Hammer.

In Order to this, They ſtart many *Shamplots*, wherewith they indeed began betimes, even in 1661 (as Captain *Tarranton* Demonſtrates, when the Crown was ſcarce warm upon our *King Charles* his Head: but that and all other Succeſſively, were but low Games compared to this, for then they had not ſuch a Damnable Plot Diſcovered to Palliate as now, even this Plot of Plots that was Hatched at *Rome* as ſoon as this *Innocent* Pope ſtorm'd *Peter's* Chair, his *Miter* was ſcarce warm upon his Head (put upon him in the Year 1676.) but preſently the Devil enters into him (as if he had taken *Judas's* Sop) and ſets both his *Head* and his *Heart* to contrive this Bloudy Deſign, which for two full Years (like that *ſtrange River* Related in Hiſtory) Ran underground, before it brake forth and was Diſcovered in the Year 1678. Now when that Devil, and his Deeds of Darkneſs was brought to Light (though long wrap'd up in *Samuels* Mantle) by the Father of Lights, who always overſhoots Satan in in his own Bow, theſe white

Witches

Witches would fain Conjure him down with multiplyd Sham-plots: Indeed, one begetting another *Corruptio Unius* was *Generatio Alterius*.

The *Firſt* was, The *Clapping up of Mr.* Clapool *into the Tower*, before their plot was Diſcovered, that they might have him at Hand to Father the Kings Murder upon, ſo ſoon as he ſhould fall by their Hands, whereas all the Treaſon that can be charg'd upon this modeſt Gentleman, is, that he hath led a Retired Life for many Years, and onely ſeekt to betray the Secrets of Nature by hard Study, as alſo that he Marryed *Olivers Jewel*, which render'd him more fit to Faſten their Deſigns upon.

The *Second* was, A Raiſing of the Report, that *Juſtice Godfrey* was a Papiſt (one of their Creatures ſaid ſo much to my ſelf) and that he was Murdered by the Proteſtants, *&c.* This, by *Nevils* means, was made the common Diſcourſe in every Coffehouſe, to amuſe the Nation, and to give them a Diverſion from the Papiſts. The now Honeſt Mr. *Dangerfield* knows it to be true.

Of the ſame Bran was a later Report that Juſtice *Godfrey* Hangd himſelf, for which *N. T.* was Pillory'd, both could not be true, if the one, then not the other, whereas neither is true, for he neither Hangd himſelf, nor dyed he by Proteſtants but by Papiſts Hands:

Hands: ſtill the Death of one Sham-plot gave Life to another, and one Baffled begat another to the end of the Chapter.

The time would fail (as Room I am ſure doth) to Reckon all *Romes Plots.*

The *Third* was (to omit *Netervils* endeavouring to Suborn Captain *Bury* and Alderman *Brooks*, &c.) The Duke of *Buck.* was an Eye-ſore for ſaying (I ſuppoſe) he would never turn Papiſt, *till they* can eat up the Devil, as, they ſay, they do God in their Hoſt.

For this they firſt Accuſe him of *Treaſon*, and this failing, of *Sodomy.*

The *Fourth* was, The Earl of *Shaftsbury* was their greateſt ſtumbling Block, becauſe His Sagacity had ſo oft Countermined their Deviliſh Deſigns, Hereupon, Plots upon Plots were laid againſt his Life: both by Men and Women, in City and Country.

The *Fifth* was, Sir *William Waller* had (while in Commiſſion) been a Thorn in their Sides, for daily Ferreting the Foxes out of their Holes, where they had Earth'd themſelves, and openly Condemning their Trumperies to the Flames of a *Purgatory*-fire above ground: no wonder then, if they at that time fought to blaſt his Reputation, as they (to wit, *Monſon*, whom he had committed to *Newgate*) and *Nevil*, aforementioned,

(*alias*

(alias Poine) do now ſeek to Deſtroy his Life, the Preſervation whereof the *whole Nation*, yea, the whole *Proteſtant* Intereſt are obliged to Pray for, He being an Active Inſtrument in Gods Hand for the Preſervation of both.

But the *Sixth* (and ſtill this *Miſtery of Iniquity* Runs all in *Sixes* both in the *Real* and in the *Sham-plots*, in the *former* and in the *latter* Diſtribution.) was a *Plot of Plots*, a Wickedneſs with a Witneſs indeed: which (in ſome ſenſe) was worſe than either the *Iriſh* or *Pariſian Maſſacre*, wherein good Men onely loſt their lives, but herein they muſt loſe their *Reputations* too, as Branded with Rebellion to Poſterity. 'Twas worſe than the Cruelty of *Nero*, who only wiſh'd all the People had but one Neck, that *He* might cut them all off at one Blow: but here was more than a *bare wiſh*, a *crafty endeavour* to blow up all the Proteſtant Lords (the Duke of *Monmouth*, &c.) All the Proteſtant *Gentry* and *Yeomanry* in *City* and *Country* at one Blaſt, by fixing High Treaſon upon them all Univerſally: and when the Knife was at our Throats, God ſent Sir *William Waller* to turn up the bottou of *Mad-dame Celliers Meal-Tub*, where all the Bran of this Brutiſh Intreague was Diſcovered, *Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perſcribere longum eſt.* Theſe

These and a Thousand more pretty *Innocent* Pranks hath this Pope *Innocent* the *Eleventh* plaid in poor *England*, though not in his *Person*, yet by his *Proxy*, whatever His Slaves and Vassals have Acted here, even *Matchless Villanies*; All have been by an *Implicit Faith*, and by a *Blind Obedience* to his *Apostolical* (or rather *Apostatical*) Commands; but surely that Servant who will be Hang'd for his Master, or for his Masters Fault more than his own, must needs have more of *Blind Charity*, than of a *Solid Judgment*.

☞ One would Admire, that any Humane Breast could be so Capacious as to contain in it so much *Villanous Venom* as this *Innocent Pope* hath poured out upon *England*; but is here all? No, *Scotland*, *France*, *Ireland* and *Holland*, yea, and all other Protestant Countries, must likewise be Wounded with the Poisonful Sting of this *Fiery Flying Serpent*, this *Great Red Dragon*, Mounted aloft upon the Highest Theatre in the Christian World, hath his prospect into all these places, and, as if He *True Basilisk*, Kills down-right with his very *Looks*, His *Looks* are Top-full of Fascination. To tell distinctly how he hath Bewitched with his bare *Looks* all those Lands aforenamed, would Require another Volum. Take here only

only a very Brief Landskip hereof, which yet may serve to satisfie, that this pretended Head is Top-full of Poison, and this Catholick Head of the Church Transfuseth a Fatal Poison into all the parts of the Body; his *Venom* is as *Universal* as his *Headship*.

As *First*, For *Scotland*, *He* sent several Jesuits to Preach there under the Notion of Presbyterians, who Industriously Blew up the Coals of Discontent among that People, knowing that *Oppression maketh Wise Men Mad*, Aggravating to them their Unbearable Burdens under Episcopal Tyranny, exciteing them to Vindicate their Religion and Liberty with the Sword, and promising them in the *Popes* Name, That they should be Assisted with Eight Thousand Catholicks to overturn the Government.

Oh how did this Pope Laugh in his Lawn Sleeves, to see himself so *Successful*. See Dr. *Oats Narrative*, *Art.* 1, 74, 11.

Secondly, As to *France*, How far this *Innocent* Pope hath been *Nocent there*, How far his *Tincture* of *Lucifer* hath turn'd his *Christian* Son into *Antichristian*, may be Legibly Read, even in Capital Letters, in the *Bloudy Whales* upon the Backs of the *Hugenots*, but most of all in that *Detestable Test*, which wounds not their *Bodies* only, but their *Souls* also, unless they will *Abjure* the Protestant

stant Religion, *Anathematize* all Protestants, this hath Turn'd out of *France* many Thousands of the Tenderest part of that People into Foreign Countries, though it be so Diametrically contrary to the Sacred *Edicts of Nants*, so solemnly Sworn to by the *French King*. Yet this Pope, by his Omnipotency, dare Absolve him from this Oath, and Undertakes to make Sin a Duty. See Sir *William Waller's Account of the present State of the Protestants there*. And see also, *The Politicks of France*. And whether all this Contest betwixt the *Father* and the *Son*, about the *Regalia's*, be not all a Juggle, (seeing the poor Protestants are among hands so severely Persecuted, and pestilent Jesuits so Cordially Embraced,) Time will Declare.

Thirdly, As to *Ireland*, Dr. *Oats* Deposeth, *Narrat.* pag. 65, 66. That this *Innocent Pope* sent his *Bloudy Irish Hounds*, *Commissions*, *Arms*, and *Eight Hundred Thousand Crowns*, that they might cut the Throats of the Protestants again, as they had done by another *Innocent* Popes Order in One Thousand Six Hundred Forty One. The Death of the Duke of *Ormond* should lead this Popish Dance, the Pope looses of his Bloud-Hounds (Four Jesuits) who Undertook to Dispatch the Duke, Twenty Five Thou-

sand

ſand *Iriſh* were to Riſe, and play their Old Bloudy Game, wherein they were Experienced, and Artificial Gameſters. Theſe were to Join with a *French Army* to be Landed there, and as good Gameſters of that Kind as they, ſo fall on to their Old Trade of Maſſacring, *&c.* Yea, ſome of thoſe *Iriſh Cattel* had a Diſpenſation from this Pope to take the *Oaths* of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy*, provided they promiſe to Betray their Garriſons, and other Truſts. So that when you ſee a Papiſt ſwallow thoſe Oaths, you may Swear 'tis with ſuch a *proviſo*, He hath ſome Truſt or other to Betray.

Fourthly, *Holland*, There this *Innocent* Pope hath ſet his Foul Foot (of the *Beaſt*) to purpoſe, in ſending his *Moſt Chriſtian Son*, moſt Unchriſtianly to Scourge them for their Hereſie, and to over-run their Countrey with his Rapacious Army; and had not God Almighty put an Hook into the Jaw of that Proud *Leviathan* at *Utrecht*, He had laid their Land under an Abſolute Deſolation. To ſay nothing of *His* Intriguing Influences to plunge *them* and *us* into a War to Waſt and Weaken each other, that He might the eaſier worry *us* both: To ſay nothing of *Hungary* and other parts of *Germany*, nor of the Three *Northern Crowns*;

Crowns; in all which he hath throughly tryed the ſame Trulty Tricks of *Divide, and Command*, &c.

Yet while this Pope is thus *Malevolent*, and *Miſchievous* abroad (embroiling all Countries with his Contagious Evomitions) He is all this while Mighty Magnificent and Magiſterial at Home, ſtrutting about in that *Splendour and Grandeur*, as if He were more than a *Mortal Man* on *Earth*, one of the *Immortal Angels* of *Heaven*, Reſembling the *Angelical Nature*, not onely in *Innocency* in his Name *Innocent*, but alſo in *Luſtre and Glory*, as to his Garb and Deportment. Grant Him to be one of the Angels Order, yet undervalue him not, by reckoning him among the Inferior Rank. No, let him be Reputed no leſs than *proud Lucifer*, a Prince or Principality among them, &c. *Iſa.* 14.14. As to his *Innocency*, Angel like, I can ſay little of it, and ſure I am nor no body elſe (unleſs ſome of his Sycophants who can be content to lick up his *Slaver*, as once one *Paraſite* did a Tyrants) no further than his Name [*Innocent*] will be the Guarranty: To be *Nocent in Nature* (as the premiſes have proved him) and to be *Innocent in Name*, is to make himſelf a compleat lump of Contradiction: However this *Whore of Babylon* can exactly Imitate *Solomons Whore*

in

in *wiping her Mouth*, and saying I have not done those mischiefs in all those Lands aforementioned: But as to this Splendour and Glory, Angel-like, I have more to say than I have room for, as to his *Roman Grandeur*, never was *Jaddus* (the *High Priest* of the Jews) so Richly Arrayed for *Glory and Beauty*, when *Great Alexander* met him and fell down to Worship him for a god, as this *Roman Pontifex* in all his pompious pontificalibus is, either sitting in his Chair of State, or standing upright, or strutting about. The Prophet *Ezekiel* most graphically Describes *this Anointed Cherub, that Seats himself in the Holy Mountain of God, & sits as God* (that is a degree above an *Angel*) *covering himself with every pretious Stone*, the *Rubys*, the *Diamonds*, the *Jasper*, the *Sapphire* and *Emerauld*, &c. *Ezek.* 28. 2. 13, 14, 15, to 20. Oh what a glittering and glorious Scarlet coloured Beast is this, thus bedeckt with Radiant Jewels. No wonder if they give him this Canting Courtship [*Thou art the prime of all Bishops, the Heir of the Apostles, an Abel for primacy* (sure I am, not for Religion) *a Noah for Government* (not for Righteousness) *an Abraham for Patriarkship* (not for Piety) *a Melchisedeck for Order, an Aaron for Dignity, a Moses for Authority, a Samuel for Judicature, a Peter for Power*, yea, *a Christ for*

Unction, but none of them for *Holiness*, though that be his Title: No wonder if his pickthanks go yet higher, in calling him [*their Lord God, their Creator in whom they must Believe, and whom they must Obey upon pain of Damnation*] no wonder if they say to this their God three times [*O Thou that takest away the Sins of the World, have Mercy on us. Thou canst make a Sin to be no Sin, & contra*] No wonder if Popelings *Kiss the great Toe* of their *Great God*, in a Country where God hath Toes, which *Moses* (who came nearest him) could not Discern, and much less Kiss, *Deut.* 4.12,15. No wonder if Kings and Emperours *hold the Stirrop*, to this God, when weary with walking, and would Ride, one Beast upon the back of another, no wonder if *Odescalcho* thought his Name too base for a *God*, as *Octavian* did, when chosen Pope at Eighteen Years old, cast off his *Name* because *Heathnish*, and calls himself *John* the *Thirteenth*, but he proved such a *God* as used to drink Healths to the Devil, and in his Dicing would Pray, that *Jupiter*, *Venus*, and all the Devils would help him.

This was a *Mad stuck* indeed, and as *Bad a God*, who should be All good.

To

To conclude, come my Country-men, how can you like to Worship such a God, (who is rather a *Devil* Incarnate, or the *Devils Patriarch*) can you stoop to *kiss his stinking Toe*, can you *hold his Stirrup* (as too many are doing) till he get upon your own Backs and Ride you to the Devil, Grave *Bishop Ushar* feard a Massacre approaching, and that this very Pope would be the chief Agent in it? Can you Court in a bloudy Villain, who will certainly cut your Throats? Can you like to Trade with such a Cheat (that is as *Crafty* as *Cruel*, having as much of the Fox as of the Lyon) in his *Trash and Trumpery* afore mentioned? This Pope had great hopes of Reentry into *England* by his hopeful Plot, hereupon *Cottingtons* Bones were brought to be Buried *here*, to take possession of it as *Jacob* did in like matner of *Canaan*: Indeed, the *late Comet* frighted him into such a *cold Sweat*, as nothing but a Dutch Stove could bring warmth into him again, and the *Cockatrice* laid by the Prophetick Hen in *Campideglis* Garden stun'd him a little; But now he Recovered with *warm Cloaths* and hot Cordials again, yet I hope 'tis but a lightning before his fall: God forbid, that the Imperial Crown of *England* should again Truckle to the Miter

and

and Tripple Crown of this Pope: *Erasmus* Satyrical Drollery prevailed against the Pope, as well as *Luthers Argumentative Gravity*, I wish the like Efficacy to this Discourse, and let all good People say, Amen.

A 1304.

FINIS.